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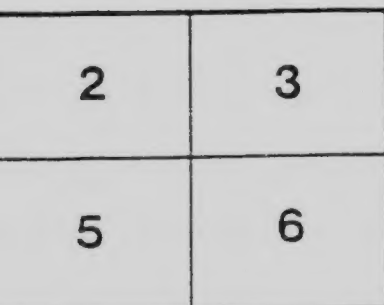
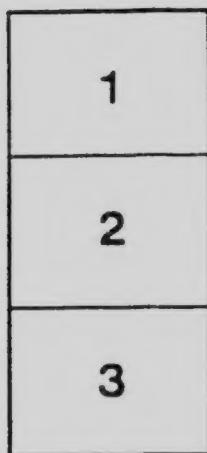
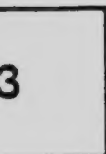
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THE High School Poetry Book

PART I



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CHOSEN AND EDITED WITH NOTES

BY

W. J. SYKES, B.A.

English Master, Collegiate Institute, Ottawa.

TORONTO
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1904

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PREFACE

It is something of a problem to know what literature is best adapted to the different stages of development of the ordinary pupil. The solution to this problem can be obtained only by actual experience in the class-room. The experience of the Editor has led him to make the following selections for the lower forms of our High Schools.

The literature here presented will, it is believed, be found interesting to junior classes; partly from the large proportion of narrative poetry and partly from the variety of subject if the selections are read in the order in which they come. So, it is hoped, a love for good literature may be developed.

This book is not designed to afford material for a year's work in English Literature. In addition to it a prose work, such as *Ivanhoe* or *The Sketch Book*, and a longer poem, such as *The Lady of the Lake*, or *Evangeline*, should be read.

The notes have intentionally been made few and brief, and are not intended to deprive the pupil of the responsibility and the pleasure of interpreting for himself the poet's meaning.

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High School Poetry Book

PART I

THE FINDING OF THE LYRE

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

There lay upon the ocean's shore
What once a tortoise served to cover.
A year and more, with rush and roar,
The surf had rolled it over,
Had played with it, and flung it by, 5
As wind and weather might decide it,
Then tossed it high where sand-drifts dry
Cheap burial might provide it.

It rested there to bleach or tan,
The rains had soaked, the suns had burned it; 10
With many a ban the fisherman
Had stumbled o'er and spurned it ;
And there the fisher-girl would stay,
Conjecturing with her brother
How in their play the poor estray 15
Might serve some use or other.

So there it lay, through wet and dry,
 As empty as the last new sonnet,
 Till by and by came Mercury,¹
 And, having mused upon it, 20
 "Why, here," cried he, "the thing of things
 In shape, material, and dimensions !
 Give it but strings, and lo, it sings,
 A wonderful invention !"

So said, so done; the chords he strained, 25
 And, as his fingers o'er them hovered,
 The shell disdained, a soul had gained,
 The lyre had been discovered.
 O empty world that round us lies,
 Dead shell, of soul and thought forsaken, 30
 Brought we but eyes like Mercury's,
 In thee what songs should waken !

HEPATICAS

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN

The trees to their innermost marrow
 Are touched by the sun ;
 The robin is here and the sparrow :
 Spring is begun !

The sleep and the silence are over : 5
 These petals that rise
 Are the eyelids of earth that uncover
 Her numberless eyes.

1. The invention of the lyre was ascribed in classical mythology to Mercury, the messenger of the gods.

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Somewhat back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat;¹
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw,
And from its station in the hall 5
An ancient timepiece says to all,—
 "Forever — never !²
 Never — forever !"

Halfway up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands 10
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas !
With sorrowful voice to all who pass,—
 "Forever — never ! 15
 Never — forever !"

By day its voice is low and light ;
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall, 20
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say, at each chamber-door,—
 "Forever — never !
 Never — forever !"

1. The house thus described was that now known as the Plunkett mansion in Pittsfield, once the home of Mrs. Longfellow's maternal grandfather.

2. This refrain was suggested by the words of an old French missionary, who said of Eternity, "C'est une pendule dont le balancier dit et redit sans cesse ces deux mots seulement dans le silence des tombeaux—"Toujours, jamais! Jamais, toujours."

Through days of sorrow and of mirth, 25
 Through days of death and days of birth,
 Through every swift vicissitude
 Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,
 And as if, like God, it all things saw,
 It calmly repeats those words of awe,— 30
 "Forever — never !
 Never — forever !"

In that mansion used to be
 Free-hearted Hospitality ;
 His great fires up the chimney roared ; 35
 The stranger feasted at his board ;
 But, like the skeleton at the feast,¹
 That warning timepiece never ceased,—
 "Forever — never !
 Never — forever !" 40

There groups of merry children played,
 There youths and maidens dreaming strayed ;
 O precious hours ! O golden prime,
 And affluence of love and time !
 Even as a miser counts his gold, 45
 Those hours the ancient timepiece told,—
 "Forever — never !
 Never — forever !"

1. Herodotus, in speaking of the Egyptians, says: "At their convivial banquets, among the wealthy classes, when they have finished supper, a man carries round in a coffin the image of a dead body carved in wood, made as like as possible in colour and workmanship, and in size generally about one or two cubits in length; and showing this to each of the company he says, 'Look upon this, then drink and enjoy yourself; for when dead you will be like this.'"

From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding night ; 50
There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay in his shroud of snow ;
And in the hush that followed the prayer,
Was heard the old clock on the stair,—

“ Forever — never ! 55

Never — forever ! ”

All are scattered now and fled,
Some are married, some are dead ;
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
“ Ah ! when shall they all meet again ? ” 60
As in the days long since gone by,
The ancient timepiece makes reply,—

“ Forever — never !

Never — forever ! ”

Never here, forever there, 65
Where all parting, pain and care,
And death and time shall disappear,—
Forever there, but never here !
The horologe of Eternity
Sayeth this incessantly,— 70

“ Forever — never !

Never — forever ! ”

SOLDIER AND SAILOR¹

THOMAS CAMPBELL

I love contemplating, apart
 From all his homicidal glory,
 The traits that soften to our heart
 Napoleon's story.

'Twas when his banners at Boulogne²
 Armed in our island every freeman,
 His navy chanced to capture one
 Poor British seaman.

5

They suffered him, I know not how,
 Unprisoned on the shore to roam :
 And aye was bent his longing brow
 On England's home.

10

His eye, methinks, pursued the flight
 Of birds to Britain half-way over
 With envy : *they* could reach the white
 Dear cliffs of Dover.

15

A stormy midnight watch, he thought,
 Than this sojourn would have been dearer,
 If but the storm his vessel brought
 To England nearer.

20

1. Campbell writes, "The anecdote has been published in several public journals, both French and English. My belief in its authenticity was confirmed by an Englishman long resident in Boulogne, lately telling me that he remembered the circumstance to have been generally talked of in the place."

2. In 1803, 4 and 5 Napoleon was making preparations at Boulogne for an invasion of England. On August 3, 1805, he reviewed at this seaport a line of soldiery nine miles long. See *Life of Napoleon* by Rose, chap. xxi.

At last, when care had banished sleep,
He saw one morning—dreaming—doating,
An empty hogshead from the deep
Come shoreward floating ;

He hid it in a cave, and wrought 25
The livelong day laborious ; lurking
Until he launched a tiny boat
By mighty working.

Heaven help us ! 'twas a thing beyond
Description, wretched ; such a wherry 30
Perhaps ne'er ventured on a pond,
Or crossed a ferry.

For ploughing in the salt-sea field,
It would have made the boldest shudder ;
Untarred, uncompassed, and unkeeled, 35
No sail — no rudder.

From neighb'ring woods he interlaced
His sorry skiff with wattled willows :
And thus equipped he would have passed
The foaming billows — 40

But Frenchmen caught him on the beach,
His little Argo¹ sorely jeering ;
Till tidings of him chanced to reach
Napoleon's hearing.

1. The famous ship in which Jason sailed to find the Golden Fleece.

With folded arms Napoleon stood,
 Serene alike in peace and danger ;
 And, in his wonted attitude,
 Addressed the stranger :—

45

“Rash man, that wouldst yon channel pass
 On twigs and staves so rudely fashioned ;
 Thy heart with some sweet British lass
 Must be impassioned.”

50

“I have no sweetheart,” said the lad ;
 “But—absent long from one another—
 Great was the longing that I had
 To see my mother.”

55

“And so thou shalt,” Napoleon said,
 “Ye’ve both my favour fairly won ;
 A noble mother must have bred
 So brave a son.”

60

He gave the tar a piece of gold,
 And, with a flag of truce, commanded
 He should be shipped to England Old,
 And safely landed.

Our sailor oft could scantily shift
 To find a dinner, plain and hearty ;
 But *never* changed the coin and gift
 Of Bonaparté.¹

65

1. Bonaparté (bőnapartā), almost the Italian, perhaps Corsican, pronunciation of the family name Buonaparte.

THE SONG SPARROW

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN

Fair little scout, that when the iron year
Changes, and the first fleecy clouds deploy,
Comest with such a sudden burst of joy,
Lifting on winter's doomed and broken rear
That song of silvery triumph blithe and clear, 5
Not yet quite conscious of the happy glow,
We hungered for some surer touch, and lo !
One morning we awake and thou art here.
And thousands of frail-stemmed hepaticas,
With their crisp leaves and pure and perfect hues, 10
Light sleepers, ready for the golden news,
Spring at thy note beside the forest ways—
Next to thy song, the first to deck the hour
The classic lyrist and the classic flower.

THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS¹

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

A mist was driving down the British Channel,
The day was just begun,
And through the window-panes, on floor and panel,
Streamed the red autumn sun.

1. The old pronunciation of cinque (sink) is retained. These five ports, mentioned in line 9, were originally entrusted with the defence of the southern coast, and were under the jurisdiction of an officer called the Warden of the Cinque Ports. The warden referred to in the poem is the Duke of Wellington, who died Sept. 14, 1852.

It glanced on flowing flag and rippling pennon, 5
And the white sails of ships ;
And, from the frowning rampart, the black cannon
Hailed it with feverish lips.

Sandwich and Romney, Hastings, Hithe and Dover
Were all alert that day, 10
To see the French war-steamers speeding over,
When the fog cleared away.

Sullen and silent, and like couchant lions,
Their cannon, through the night,
Holding their breath, had watched, in grim defiance, 15
The sea-coast opposite.

And now they roared at drum-beat from their stations
On every citadel ;
Each answering each, with morning salutations,
That all was well. 20

And down the coast, all taking up the burden,¹
Replied the distant forts,
As if to summon from his sleep the Warden
And Lord of the Cinque Ports.

Him shall no sunshine from the fields of azure. 25
No drum-beat from the wall,
No morning gun from the black fort's embrasure,
Awaken with its call !

No more, surveying with an eye impartial
The long line of the coast, 30
Shall the gaunt figure of the old Field Marshal
Be seen upon his post !

¹ The burden—the refrain or part repeated.

For in the night, unseen, a single warrior,
 In sombre harness mailed,
Dreaded of man, and surnamed the Destroyer, 35
 The rampart wall had scaled.

He passed into the chamber of the sleeper,
 The dark and silent room,
And as he entered, darker grew, and deeper,
 The silence and the gloom. 40

He did not pause to parley or dissemble,
 But smote the Warden hoar ;
Ah ! what a blow ! that made all England tremble,
 And groan from shore to shore.

Meanwhile, without, the surly cannon waited, 45
 The sun rose bright o'erhead :
Nothing in Nature's aspect intimated
 That a great man was dead

THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH¹

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

It was the season, when through all the land
The merle and mavis build, and building sing
Those lovely lyrics, written by His hand,
Whom Saxon Cædmon calls the Blithe-heart King;²
When on the boughs the purple buds expand, 5
The banners of the vanguard of the Spring,
And rivulets, rejoicing, rush and leap,
And wave their fluttering signals from the steep.

The robin and the blue-bird, piping loud,
Filled all the blossoming orchards with their glee; 10
The sparrows chirped as if they still were proud
Their race in Holy Writ³ should mentioned be;
And hungry crows, assembled in a crowd,
Clamoured their piteous prayer incessantly,
Knowing who hears the ravens cry, and said: 15
"Give us, O Lord, this day, our daily bread!"

1. One of the *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, supposed to be told by the Poet of the company. Killingworth in Connecticut was named from the English town Kenilworth, but both in England and in Connecticut the name became changed into Killingworth in popular usage, and here that name has become the regular name of the town.

2. Cædmon (Kadmon), an early English poet, who wrote among other religious poems one called *Genesis*, in which, after the creation of man, God is said to be "blithe of heart" as he blesses Adam and Eve.

3. See the Gospel of Matthew, x. 29-31.

Across the Sound the birds of passage sailed,¹
Speaking some unknown language strange and
sweet

Of tropic isle remote, and passing hailed
The village with the cheers of all their fleet ; 20
Or quarrelling together, laughed and railed
Like foreign sailors, landed in the street
Of seaport town, and with outlandish noise
Of oaths and gibberish frightening girls and boys.

Thus came the jocund Spring in Killingworth, 25
In fabulous days, some hundred years ago ;
And thrifty farmers, as they tilled the earth,
Heard with alarm the cawing of the crow,
That mingled with the universal mirth,

Cassandra-like,² prognosticating woe ; 30
They shook their heads, and doomed with dreadful
words

To swift destruction the whole race of birds.

And a town-meeting was convened straightway
To set a price upon the guilty heads
Of these marauders, who, in lieu of pay, 35

Levied black-mail upon the garden beds
And corn-fields, and beheld without dismay
The awful scarecrow, with his fluttering shreds ;
The skeleton³ that waited at their feast,
Whereby their sinful pleasure was increased. 40

1. Long Island Sound.

2. Cassandra—a Trojan prophetess, daughter of Priam, King of Troy. The predictions of Cassandra, however, were never believed.

3. Compare *The Old Clock on the Stairs*, l. 37.

Then from his house, a temple painted white,
 With fluted columns and a roof of red,
 The Squire came forth, august and splendid sight !
 Slowly descending, with majestic tread,
 Three flights of steps, nor looking left nor right, 15
 Down the long street he walked, as one who said,
 " A town that boasts inhabitants like me
 Can have no lack of good society ! "

The Parson, too, appeared, a man austere,
 The instinct of whose nature was to kill ; 20
 The wrath of God he preached from year to year,
 And read, with fervour, Edwards¹ on the Will .
 His favourite pastime was to slay the deer
 In Summer on some Adirondac hill ;
 E'en now, while walking down the rural lane 25
 He lopped the wayside lilies with his cane.

From the Academy, whose belfry crowned
 The hill of Science with its vane of brass,
 Came the Preceptor, gazing idly round,
 Now at the clouds, and now at the green grass, 30
 And all absorbed in reveries profound
 Of fair Almira in the upper class,
 Who was, as in a sonnet he had said,
 As pure as water, and as good as bread.

And next the Deacon issued from his door, 35
 In his voluminous neck-cloth, white as snow ;
 A suit of sable bombazine he wore ;
 His form was ponderous, and his step was slow ;

1. Jonathan Edwards was a famous New England divine who lived in the former half of the eighteenth century, and wrote a great book on *The Freedom of the Will*.

There never was so wise a man before ;
 He seemed the incarnate " Well, I told you so ! " 70
 And to perpetuate his great renown
 There was a street named after him in town.

These came together in the new town-hall.
 With sundry farmers from the region round.
 The Squire presided, dignified and tall, 75
 His air impressive and his reasoning sound.
 Ill fared it with the birds, both great and small ;
 Hardly a friend in all that crowd they found,
 But enemies enough, who every one
 Charged them with all the crimes beneath the sun. 80

When they had ended, from his place apart
 Rose the Preceptor to redress the wrong,
 And, trembling like a reed before the start,
 Looked round bewildered on the expectant throng ;
 Then thought of fair Almira, and took heart 85
 To speak out what was in him, clear and strong,
 Alike regardless of their smile or frown,
 And quite determined not to be laughed down.

" Plato, anticipating the Reviewers,¹
 From his Republic banished without pity 90
 The Poets ; in this little town of yours,
 You put to death, by means of a Committee,
 The ballad-singers and the Troubadours.²
 The street-musicians of the heavenly city,
 The birds, who make sweet music for us all 95
 In our dark hours, as David did for Saul.

1. Plato was a Greek philosopher who was born 429 B.C.
 One of his best-known works is his *Republic*.

2. The courtly lyric poets of mediæval France.

" The thrush that carols at the dawn of day
 From the green steeples of the piny wood ;
 The oriole in the elm ; the noisy jay,
 Jargoning like a foreigner at his food ; 100
 The bluebird balanced on some topmost spray,
 Flooding with melody the neighborhood ;
 Linnet and meadow-lark, and all the throng
 That dwell in nests, and have the gift of song.

" You slay them all ! and wherefore ? for the gain 105
 Of a scant handful more or less of wheat,
 Or rye, or barley, or some other grain,
 Scratched up at random by industrious feet,
 Searching for worm or weevil after rain !
 Or a few cherries, that are not so sweet 110
 As are the songs these uninvited guests
 Sing at their feast with comfortable breasts

" Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings these ?
 Do you ne'er think who made them, and who taught
 The dialect they speak, where melodies 115
 Alone are the interpreters of thought ?
 Whose household words are songs in many keys,
 Sweeter than instrument of man e'er caught !
 Whose habitations in the tree-tops even
 Are half-way houses on the road to heaven ! 120

" Think, every morning when the sun peeps through
 The dim, leaf-latticed windows of the grove,
 How jubilant the happy birds renew
 Their old, melodious madrigals of love !

And when you think of this, remember too 125

'Tis always morning somewhere, and above
The awakening continents, from shore to shore,
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.¹

" Think of your woods and orchards without birds !

Of empty nests that cling to boughs and beams ! 130
As in an idiot's brain remembered words

Haag empty 'mid the cobwebs of his dreams !
Will bleat of flocks or bellowing of herds

Make up for the lost music, when your teams
Drag home the stingy harvest, and no more 135
The feathered gleaners follow to your door ?

" What ! would you rather see the incessant stir

Of insects in the windrows of the hay,
And hear the locust and the grasshopper
Their melancholy hurdy-gurdies play ? 140

Is this more pleasant to you than the whirr
Of meadow-lark, and her sweet roundelay,

Or twitter of little field-fares, as you take
Your nooning in the shade of bush and brake ?

" You call them thieves and pillagers - but know, 145

They are the winged wardens of your farms,
Who from the corn-fields drive the insidious foe,
And from your harvests keep a hundred harms ;
Even the blackest of them all, the crow,

Renders good service as your man-at-arms, 150
Crushing the beetle in his coat of mail,
And crying havoc on the slug and snail.

1. Is it likely that the man who uttered these exquisite lines
would make the absurd metaphor of line 64 ?

" How can I teach your children gentleness,
 And mercy to the weak, and reverence
 For Life, which, in its weakness or excess, 155
 Is still a gleam of God's omnipotence,
 Or Death, which, seeming darkness, is no less
 The selfsame light, although averted hence,
 When by your laws, your actions, and your speech,
 You contradict the very things I teach ? " 160

With this he closed ; and through the audience went
 A murmur, like the rustle of dead leaves ;
 The farmers laughed and nodded, and some bent
 Their yellow heads together like their sheaves ,
 Men have no faith in fine-spun sentiment 165
 Who put their trust in bullocks and in bees.
 The birds were doomed ; and, as the record shows,
 A bounty offered for the heads of crows.

There was another audience out of reach,
 Who had no voice nor vote in making laws, 170
 But in the papers read his little speech,
 And crowned his modest temples with applause ;
 They made him conscious, each one more than each,
 He still was victor, vanquished in their cause.
 Sweetest of all the applause he won from thee, 175
 O fair Almira at the Academy !

And so the dreadful massacre began ;
 O'er fields and orchards, and o'er woodland crests,
 The ceaseless fusillade of terror ran,
 Dead fell the birds, with blood-stains on their
 breasts, 180

Or wounded crept away from sight of man,

While the young died of famine in their nests ;
A slaughter to be told in groans, not words,
The very St. Bartholomew of Birds !

The summer came, and all the birds were dead ; 185

The days were like hot coals ; the very ground
Was burned to ashes ; in the orchards fed

Myriads of caterpillars, an' around
The cultivated fields and garden beds

Hosts of devouring insects crawled, and found 190
No foe to check their march, till they had made
The land a desert without leaf or shade.

Devoured by worms, like Herod, was the town,

Because, like Herod, it had ruthlessly¹
Slaughtered the Innocents. From the trees spun
down 195

The canker-worms upon the passers-by,
Upon each woman's bonnet, shawl and gown,

Who shook them off with just a little cry ;
They were the terror of each favourite walk,
The endless theme of all the village talk. 200

The farmers grew impatient, but a few

Confessed their error, and would not complain,
For after all, the best thing one can do

When it is raining, is to let it rain.
Then they repealed the law, although they knew 205
It would not call the dead to life again ;
As school-boys, finding their mistake too late,
Draw a wet sponge across the accusing slate.

1. On St. Bartholomew's day, 1572 there was a great massacre of Huguenots in France. See Matthew ii, 16 and Acts xii. 21-23.

That year in Killingworth the Autumn came
 Without the light of his majestic look, 210
 The wonder of the falling tongues of flame,
 The illumined pages of his Doomsday book.¹
 A few lost leaves blushed crimson with their shame,
 And drowned themselves despairing in the brook,
 While the wild wind went moaning everywhere, 215
 Lamenting the dead children of the air !
 But the next Spring a stranger sight was seen,
 A sight that never yet by bard was sung,
 As great a wonder as it would have been
 If some dumb animal had found a tongue ! 220
 A wagon, overarched with evergreen,
 Upon whose boughs were wicker cages hung,
 All full of singing birds, came down the street,
 Filling the air with music wild and sweet.
 From all the country round these birds were
 brought, 225
 By order of the town, with anxious quest,
 And, loosened from their wicker prisons, sought
 In woods and fields the places they loved best,
 Singing loud canticles, which many thought
 Were satires to the authorities addressed, 230
 While others, listening in green lanes, averred
 Such lovely music never had been heard !
 But blither still and louder carolled they
 Upon the morrow, for they seemed to know
 It was the fair Almira's wedding-day, 235
 And everywhere, around, above, below,
 When the Preceptor bore his bride away,
 Their songs burst forth in joyous overflow,
 And a new heaven bent over a new earth
 Amid the sunny farms of Killingworth. 240
 1. In olden times manuscripts were often ornamented in colours.

TO A WATER-FOWL

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Whither midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way ?

Vainly the fowler's eye 5
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong.
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink 10
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side ?

There is a Power whose care 15
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land, 20
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end ;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home and rest,
And scream among thy fellows ; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest. 25

Thou'rt gone ; the abyss of heaven
 Hath swallowed up thy form ; yet, on my heart
 Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
 And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone, 30
 Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
 In the long way that I must tread alone,
 Will lead my steps aright.

EPITAPH ON A JACOBITE

THOMAS BABINGTON, LORD MACAULAY

To my true king I offered all from stain,
 Courage and faith ; vain faith, and courage vain.
 For him, I threw lands, honours, wealth, away,
 And one dear hope, that was more prized than they.
 For him I languished in a foreign clime, 5
 Gray-haired with sorrow in my manhood's prime ;
 Heard on Lavernia Scargill's¹ whispering trees,
 And pined by Arno for my lovelier Tees ;
 Beheld each night my home in fevered sleep,
 Each morning started from the dream to weep ; 10
 Till God, who saw me tried too sorely, gave
 The resting place I asked, an early grave.
 Oh thou, whom chance leads to this nameless stone,
 From that proud country which was once mine own,
 By those white cliffs I never more must see, 15
 By that dear language which I spake like thee,
 Forget all feuds, and shed one English tear
 O'er English dust. A broken heart lies here.

1. In North Yorkshire on the Tees.

HORATIUS

A LAY MADE ABOUT THE YEAR OF THE CITY CCCLX

THOMAS BABINGTON, LORD MACAULAY

Lars Porsena of Clusium¹ by the Nine Gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin² should suffer wrong
no more.

By the Nine Gods he swore it, and named a trysting
day,

And bade his messengers ride forth, east and west
and south and north,

To summon his array. 5

East and west and south and north the messengers
ride fast,

And tower and town and cottage have heard the
trumpet's blast.

Shame on the false Etruscan who lingers in his home,
When Porsena of Clusium is on the march for Rome.
The horsemen and the footmen are pouring in amain to
From many a stately market-place ; from many a
fruitful plain ;

From many a lonely hamlet, which, hid by beech and
pine,

1. Clusium. The geographical names in this poem should be looked up on a map of Ancient Italy.

2. Tarquinius Superbus, according to the legendary history of early Rome, was driven from the throne partly on account of the wickedness of his son Sextus. Porsena, lars or lord of Etruria, made a great effort to restore him. In the second book of Livy is given an account of this event, which it is interesting to compare with Macaulay's.

Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest of purple
Apennine ;
From lordly Volaterræ, where scowls the far-famed
hold
Piled by the hands of giants for godlike kings of old ; 15
From seagirt Populonia, whose sentinels desery
Sardinia's snowy mountain-tops fringing the southern
sky ;
From the proud mart of Pisæ, queen of the western
waves,
Where ride Massilia's triremes heavy with fair-hair'd
slaves ;
From where sweet Clanis wanders through corn and
vines and flowers ; 20
From where Cortona lifts to heaven her diadem of
towers.

Tall are the oaks whose acorns drop in dark Auser's
rill ;
Fat are the stags that champ the boughs of the
Ciminian hill ;
Beyond all streams Clitumnus is to the herdsman
dear ;
Best of all pools the fowler loves the great Volsinian
mere. 25
But now no stroke of woodman is heard by Auser's
rill ;
No hunter tracks the stag's green path up the Cimin-
ian hill ;
Unwatch'd along Clitumnus grazes the milk-white
steer ;
Unharm'd the waterfowl may dip in the Volsinian
mere.

The harvests of Arretium this year, old men shall
reap ; 30

This year, young boys in Umbro shall plunge the
struggling sheep :

And in the vats of Luna, this year, the must shall
foam

Round the white feet of laughing girls, whose sires
have march'd to Rome.

There be thirty chosen prophets, the wisest of the land
Who alway by Lars Porsena both morn and evening
stand : 35

Evening and morn the Thirty have turn'd the verses
o'er,

Traced from the right on linen white by mighty seers
of yore.

And with one voice the Thirty have their glad answer
given :

" Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena ; go forth, belov'd
of heaven ;

Go, and return in glory to Clusium's royal dome ; 40
And hang round Nurscia's¹ altars the golden shields
of Rome."

And now hath every city sent up her tale of men :
The foot are fourscore thousand, the horse are
thousands ten.

Before the gates of Sutrium is met the great array,
A proud man was Lars Porsena upon the trysting day, 45
For all the Etruscan armies were ranged beneath his
eye,

And many a banish'd Roman, and many a stout ally ;

1. Nurscia—the Etruscan goddess of fortune.

And with a mighty following to join the muster came
The Tusculan Mamilius, prince of the Latian name.
But by the yellow Tiber was tumult and affright: 50
From all the spacious champaign to Rome men took
their flight.

A mile around the city, the throng stopp'd up the
ways ;

A fearful sight it was to see through two long nights
and days.

For aged folks on crutches, and women great with
child,

And mothers sobbing over babes that clung to them
and smiled, 55

And sick men borne in litters high on the necks of
slaves,

And troops of sun-burn'd husbandmen with reaping-
hooks and staves,

And droves of mules and asses laden with skins of
wine,

And endless flocks of goats and sheep, and endless
herds of kine,

And endless trains of waggons that creak'd beneath
the weight 60

Of corn-sacks and of household goods, choked every
roaring gate.

Now, from the rock Tarpeian,¹ could the wan burghers
spy

The line of blazing villages red in the midnight sky.

The Fathers of the City they sat all night and day,

For every hour some horseman came with tidings
of dismay. 65

1. A lofty rock in Rome one side of the Capitoline hill.

To eastward and to westward have spread the Tuscan
bands

Nor house, nor fence, nor dovecote in Crustumernum
stands.

Verbenna down to Ostia hath wasted all the plain ;
Astur hath storm'd Janiculum, and the stout guards
are slain.

I wis,¹ in all the Senate, there was no heart so bold 70
But sore it ached, and fast it beat, when that ill news
was told.

Forthwith up rose the Consul, up rose the Fathers all ;
In haste they girded up their gowns, and hied them
to the wall.

They held a council standing, before the River-Gate ;
Short time was there, ye well may guess, for musing
or debate. 75

Out spake the Consul roundly : " The bridge must
straight go down ;

For, since Janiculum is lost, nought else can save
the town."

Just then a scout came flying, all wild with haste
and fear :

" To arms ! to arms ! Sir Consul : Lars Porsena is
here."

On the low hills to westward the Consul fix'd his eye, so
And saw the swarthy storm of dust rise fast along
the sky.

And nearer fast and nearer doth the red whirlwind
come ;

1. Wis—a corruption of old English *gewis*, certainly.

And louder still and still more loud, from underneath
that rolling cloud,

Is heard the trumpet's war-note proud, the tramp-
ling and the hum.

And plainly and more plainly now through the gloom
appears, 85

Far to left and far to right, in broken gleams of dark-
blue light,

The long array of helmets bright, the long array of
spears,

And plainly and more plainly above that glimmering
line,

Now might ye see the banners of twelve fair cities
shine ;

But the banner of proud Clusium was highest of them
all, 90

The terror of the Umbrian, the terror of the Gaul.

And plainly and more plainly now might the burghers
know,

By port and vest,¹ by horse and crest, each warlike
Lucumo.

There Cilnius of Arretium on his fleet roan was seen ;

And Astur of the four-fold shield, girt with the brand
none else may wield, 95

Tolumnius with the belt of gold, and dark Verbenna
from the hold

By reedy Thrasymene.

Fast by the royal standard, o'erlooking all the war,
Lars Porsena of Clusium sat in his ivory car.

By the right wheel rode Mamilius, prince of the
Latian name ; 100

1. Vesture, garment.

And by the left false Sextus, that wrought the deed
of shame.¹

But when the face of Sextus was seen among the foes,
A yell that rent the firmament from all the town arose
On the house-tops was no woman but spat towards
him and hiss'd,

No child but scream'd out curses, and shook its little
fist. 105

But the Consul's brow was sad, and the Consul's
speech was low,

And darkly look'd he at the wall, and darkly at the
foe.

" Their van will be upon us before the bridge goes
down;

And if they once may win the bridge, what hope to
save the town ? "

Then out spake brave Horatius, the Captain of the
Gate : 110

" To every man upon this earth death cometh soon
or late.

And how can man die better than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers, and the temples of his
Gods,

And for the tender mother who dandled him to rest,
And for the wife who nurses his baby at her breast, 115
And for the holy maidens² who feed the eternal flame,
To save them from false Sextus that wrought the
deed of shame ?

1. An allusion to the brutal treatment of Lucretia.

2. The vestal virgins who kept the flame before the altar of
their goddess always burning.

Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul, with all the speed
ye may ;

I, with two more to help me, will hold the foe in play
In yon strait path a thousand may well be stopp'd
by three.

120

Now who will stand on either hand, and keep the
bridge with me ? "

Then out spake Spurius Lartius : a Ramnian¹ proud
was he :

" Lo, I will stand at thy right hand, and keep the
bridge with thee."

And out spake strong Herminius ; of Titian blood
was he

" I will abide on thy left side, and keep the bridge
with thee."

125

" Horatius," quoth the Consul, " as thou sayest, so
let it be."

And straight against that great array forth went the
dauntless Three.

For Romans in Rome's quarrel spared neither land
nor gold

Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life, in the brave days
of old.

Then none was for a party ; then all were for the
state ;

130

Then the great man help'd the poor, and the poor
man lov'd the great ;

1. Ramnian, Titian—two of the three patrician tribes in Rome at this time. The third tribe was represented by Horatius.

Then lands were fairly portion'd ; then spoils were
fairly sold :

The Romans were like brothers in the brave days of
old.

Now¹ Roman is to Roman more hateful than a foe,
And the Tribunes beard the high, and the Fathers
grind the low. 133

As we wax hot in faction, in battle we wax cold :
Wherefore men fight not as they fought in the brave
days of old.

Now while the Three were tightening their harness
on their backs, .

The Consul was the foremost man to take in hand
an axe :

And Fathers mix'd with Commons seized hatchet,
bar and crow, 140

And smote upon the planks above, and loosed the
props below

Meanwhile the Tuscan army, right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light, rank behind
rank, like surges bright

Of a broad sea of gold.

Four hundred trumpets sounded a peal of warlike
glee, 145

As that great host, with measured tread, and spears
advanced, and ensigns spread,

Roll'd slowly towards the bridge's head, where stood
the dauntless Three.

1. Now—about 120 years after these events took place. See
sub-title.

The Three stood calm and silent, and look'd upon
the foes,
And a great shout of laughter from all the vanguard
rose :
And forth three chiefs came spurring before that
deep array ; 150
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew, and
lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow way ;
Aunus from green Tifernum, lord of the Hill of Vines ;
And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves sicken in
Ilva's mines ;
And Picus, long to Clusium vassal in peace and war, 155
Who led to fight his Umbrian powers from that gray
crag where, girt with towers,
The fortress of Nequinum lowers o'er the pale waves
of Nar.
Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus into the stream
beneath :
Herminius struck at Seius, and clove him to the
teeth :
At Picus brave Horatius darted one fiery thrust ; 160
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms clashed in the
bloody dust.
Then Ocnus of Falerii rush'd on the Roman Three ;
And Lausulus of Urgo, the rover of the sea ;
And Aruns of Volsinium, who slew the great wild
boar,
The great wild boar that had his den amidst the
reeds of Cosa's fen, 165
And wasted fields, and slaughter'd men, along Al-
bini's shore.

Herminius smote down Aruns : Lartius laid Oenus
low :

Right to the heart of Lausulus Horatius sent a blow.

" Lie there," he cried, " fell pirate ! no more, aghast
and pale,

From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark the track
of thy destroying bark. 170

No more Campania's hinds shall fly to woods and
caverns when they spy

Thy thrice accursèd sail."

But now no sound of laughter was heard among the
foes.

A wild and wrathful clamour from all the vanguard
rose.

Six spears' lengths from the entrance halted that
deep array, 175

And for a space no man came forth to win the narrow
way.

But hark ! the cry is Astur : and lo ! the ranks divide ;
And the great Lord of Luna comes with his stately
stride.

Upon his ample shoulders clangs loud the four-fold
shield,

And in his hand he shakes the brand which none
but he can wield. 180

He smiled on those bold Romans a smile serene and
high ;

He eyed the flinching Tuscans, and scorn was in his
eye.

Quoth he, " The she-wolf's¹ litter stand savagely at bay :

But will ye dare to follow, if Astur clears the way ? "

Then, whirling up his broadsword with both hands
to the height, 185

He rushed against Horatius, and smote with all his
might.

With shield and blade Horatius right deftly turn'd
the blow.

The blow, though turn'd, came yet too nigh ; it
miss'd his helm, but gash'd his thigh :

The Tuscans raised a joyful cry to see the red blood
flow.

He reel'd, and on Herminius he lean'd one breathing-
space ; 190

Then, like a wild-cat mad with wounds, sprang right
at Astur's face.

Through teeth, and skull, and helmet, so fierce a
thrust he sped,

The good sword stood a hand-breadth out behind
the Tuscan's head.

And the great Lord of Luna fell at that deadly stroke,
As falls on Mount Alvernum a thunder-smitten oak. 195
Far o'er the crashing forest the giant arms lie
spread ;

And the pale augurs, muttering low, gaze on the
blasted head.

On Astur's throat Horatius right firmly press'd his
heel,

And thrice and four times tugg'd amain, ere he
wrench'd out the steel.

1. This is an allusion to the well-known legend about the
founders of Rome.

" And see," he cried, " the welcome, fair guests, that
waits you here ! 200

What noble Lucumo¹ comes next to taste our Roman
cheer ? "

But at his haughty challenge a sullen murmur ran,
Mingled with wrath, and shame, and dread, along
that glittering van.

There lack'd not men of prowess, nor men of lordly
race ;

For all Etruria's noblest were round the fatal place, 205
But all Etruria's noblest felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses, in the path the
dauntless Three :

And, from the ghastly entrance where those bold
Romans stood,

All shrank, like boys who unaware, ranging the woods
to start a hare,

Come to the mouth of the dark lair where, growling
low, a fierce old bear 210

Lies amidst bones and blood.

Was none who would be foremost to lead such dire
attack :

But those behind cried " Forward ! " and those before
cried " Back ! "

And backward now and forward wavers the deep
array ;

And on the tossing sea of steel, to and fro the stand-
ards reel ; 215

And the victorious trumpet-peal dies fitfully away.

1. Lucumo—a title. Compare *Lars*.

Yet one man ! ne moment stood out before the
crowd ;

Well known was he to all the Three, and they gave
him greeting loud.

" Now welcome, welcome, Sextus ! now welcome to
thy home !

Why dost thou stay, and turn away ? here lies the
road to Rome." 220

Thrice looked he at the city ; thrice look'd he at the
dead ;

And thrice came on in fury, and thrice turn'd back
in dread

And, white with fear and hatred, scowl'd at the narrow
way

Where, wallowing in a pool of blood, the bravest
Tuscans lay.

But meanwhile axe and lever have manfully been
plied ; 225

And now the bridge hangs tottering above the boiling
tide.

" Come back, come back, Horatius ! " loud cried
the Fathers all.

" Back, Lartius ! back, Herminius ! back, ere the
ruin fall ! "

Back darted Spurius Lartius ; Herminius darted
back ;

And as they passed, beneath their feet they felt the
timbers crack. 230

But when they turn'd their faces, and on the farther
shore

Saw brave Horatius stand alone, they would have
cross'd once more.

But with a crash like thunder fell every loosen'd beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck lay right athwart
the stream :

And a long shout of triumph rose from the walls of
Rome. 235

As to the highest turret-tops was splash'd the yellow
foam.

And, like a horse unbroken when first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard, and toss'd his tawny
mane

And burst the curb, and bounded, rejoicing to be free,
And whirling down, in fierce career, battlement, and
plank and pier, 240

Rush'd headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius, but constant still in
mind ;

Thrice thirty thousand foes before, and the broad
flood behind.

" Down with him ! " cried false Sextus, with a smile
on his pale face.

" Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena, " now yield
thee to our grace." 245

Round turn'd he, as not deigning those craven ranks
to see ;

Nought spake he to Lars Porsena, to Sextus nought
spake he ;

But he saw on Palatinus¹ the white porch of his home ;
And he spake to the noble river that rolls by the
towers of Rome.

" O Tiber! father Tiber! to whom the Romans pray, 250

1. Palatinus—one of the hills of Rome.

A Roman's life, a Roman's arms, take thou in charge
this day ! "

So he spake, and speaking sheathed the good sword
by his side,

And with his harness on his back plunged headlong
in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow was heard from either bank ;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise, with parted
lips and straining eyes, 255

Stood gazing where he sank :

And when above the surges they saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry, and even the
ranks of Tuscany

Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current, swollen high by months
of rain, 260

And fast his blood was flowing, and he was sore in
pain,

And heavy with his armour, and spent with changing
blows :

And oft they thought him sinking, but still again he
rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer, in such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood safe to the land-
ing-place : 265

But his limbs were borne up bravely by the brave
heart within,

And our good father Tiber bare bravely up his chin.
"Curse on him !" quoth false Sextus ; "will not
the villain drown ?

But for this stay, ere close of day we should have
sack'd the town ! "

" Heaven help him ! " quoth Lars Porsena, " and
bring him safe to shore ; 270

For such a gallant feat of arms was never seen before."
And now he feels the bottom ; now on dry earth he
stands ;

Now round him throng the Fathers to press his gory
hands ;

And now with shouts and clapping, and noise of
weeping loud,

He enters through the River-Gate, borne by the
joyous crowd. 275

They gave him of the corn-land, that was of public
right,

As much as two strong oxen could plough from morn
till night ;¹

And they made a molten image, and set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day to witness if I lie.
It stands in the Comitium,² plain for all folk
to see : 280

Horatius in his harness, halting upon one knee :
And underneath is written, in letters all of gold,
How valiantly he kept the bridge in the brave days of
old.

And still his name sounds stirring unto the men of
Rome,

As the trumpet-blast that cries to them to charge
the Volscian home ; 285

1. As much land as a yoke of oxen could plough round in a
day.

2. A public place near the Forum.

And wives still pray to Juno for boys with hearts as
bold
As his who kept the bridge so well in the brave days
of old.
And in the nights of winter, when the cold north-
winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves is heard am'ist
the snow ;
When round the lonely cottage roars loud the temp-
est's din, 290
And the good logs of Algidus roar louder yet within ;
When the oldest cask is open'd, and the largest lamp
is lit ;
When the chestnuts glow in the embers, and the kid
turns on the spit ;
When young and old in circle around the firebrands
close ;
When the girls are weaving baskets, and the lads are
shaping bows ; 295
When the goodman mends his armour, and trims his
helmet's plume ;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily goes flashing
through the loom ;
With weeping and with laughter still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge in the brave days
of old. 299

THE DAFFODILS

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils ;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees, 5
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay : 10
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced ; but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee :
A poet could not but be gay, 15
In such a jocund company :
I gazed, — and gazed, — but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought .

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood, 20
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude ;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

TO THOMAS MOORE¹

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON

My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea ;
But, before I go, Tom Moore,
Here's a double health to thee !

Here's a sigh to those who love me, 5
And a smile to those who hate ;
And, whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for every fate.

Though the ocean roar around me,
Yet it still shall bear me on ; 10
Though a desert should surround me,
It hath springs that may be won.

Were't the last drop in the well,
As I gasp'd upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell, 15
'Tis to thee that I would drink.

With that water, as this wine,
That libation I would pour
Should be — peace with thine and mine,
And health to thee, Tom Moore. 20

1. Moore was a close friend of Byron, and the editor of his life. This poem is supposed to be written as the author is leaving England for the last time, "hunted out of the country." "He was advised not to go to the theatres, lest he should be hissed ; nor to parliament, lest he should be insulted. On the very day of his departure a friend told him he feared violence from the mobs assembling at the door of his carriage." Most of this was undeserved, and with these things in mind it is no wonder that W. E. Henley should call this poem, "Surely one of the bravest songs in the language."

KING ROBERT OF SICILY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,¹
Apparelled in magnificent attire,
With retinue of many a knight and squire,
On St. John's Eve, at vespers, proudly sat 5
And heard the priests chant the Magnificat²
And as he listened, o'er and o'er again
Repeated, like a burden or refrain,
He caught the words, "*Deposuit potentes
De sede, et exaltavit humiles*"; 10
And slowly lifting up his kingly head
He to a learned clerk beside him said,
"What mean these words?" The clerk made
answer meet,
"He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree." 15
Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,
"'Tis well that such seditious words are sung
Only by priests and in the Latin tongue;
For unto priests and people be it known,
There is no power can push me from my throne!" 20
And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep,
Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.
When he awoke, it was already night,
The church was empty, and there was no light.

1. Germany.

2. The song of rejoicing sung by the Virgin Mary (see Luke I, 46). The Latin version begins *Magnificat anima mea Dominum*.

Save where the lamps, that glimmered few and faint, 25
Lighted a little space before some saint
He started from his seat and gazed around,
But saw no living thing and heard no sound.
He groped towards the door, but it was locked ;
He cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked, 30
And uttered awful threatenings and complaints,
And imprecations upon men and saints
The sounds reëchoed from the roof and walls
As if dead priests were laughing in their stalls.

At length the sexton, hearing from without 35
The tumult of the knocking and the shout,
And thinking thieves were in the house of prayer,
Came with his lantern, asking, " Who is there ? "
Half choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said,
" Open : 'tis I, the King ! Art thou afraid ? " 40
The frightened sexton, muttering, with a curse,
" This is some drunken vagabond, or worse ! "
Turned the great key and flung the portal wide ;
A man rushed by him at a single stride.
Haggard, half naked, without hat or cloak, 45
Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke,
But leaped into the blackness of the night,
And vanished like a spectre from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaigne, 50
Despoiled of his magnificent attire,
Bareheaded, breathless, and besprent with mire,
With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,
Strode on and thundered at the palace gate ;
Rushed through the courtyard, thrusting in his rage 55

To right and left each seneschal and page,
And hurried up the broad and sounding stair,
His white face ghastly in the torches' glare
From hall to hall he passed with breathless speed ;
Voices and cries he heard, but did not heed, 60
Until at last he reached the banquet-room,
Blazing with light, and breathing with perfume.
There on the dais sat another king,
Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-ring,
King Robert's self in features, form and height, 65
But all transfigured with angelic light '
It was an Angel ; and his presence there
With a divine effulgence filled the air,
An exaltation, piercing the disguise,
Though none the hidden Angel recognise. 70

A moment speechless, motionless, amazed,
The throneless monarch on the Angel gazed,
Who met his look of anger and surprise
With the divine compassion of his eyes ;
Then said, " Who art thou ? and why com'st thou
here ? " 75

To which King Robert answered with a sneer,
" I am the King, and come to claim my own
From an imposter, who usurps my throne ! "
And suddenly, at these audacious words,
Up sprang the angry guests, and drew their swords ; 80
The Angel answered, with unruffled brow,
" Nay, not the King, but the King's Jester, thou
Henceforth shall wear the bells and scalloped cape,
And for thy counsellor shalt lead an ape ;
Thou shalt obey my servants when they call, 85
And wait upon my henchmen in the hall ! "

Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries and prayers,
They thrust him from the hall and down the stairs ;
A group of tittering pages ran before,
And as they opened wide the folding-door, 90
His heart failed, for he heard¹, with strange alarms,
The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,
And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring
With the mock plaudits of " Long live the King ! "

Next morning, waking with the day's first beam, 95
He said within himself, " It was a dream ! "
But the straw rustled as he turned his head,
There were the cap and bells beside his bed,
Around him rose the bare, discoloured walls,
Close by, the steeds were champing in their stalls, 100
And in the corner, a revolting shape,
Shivering and chattering sat the wretched ape.
It was no dream : the world he loved so much
Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch !

Days came and went ; and now returned again 105
To Sicily the old Saturnian reign ;¹
Under the Angel's governance benign
The happy island danced with corn and wine,
And deep within the mountain's burning breast,
Enceladus,² the giant, was at rest. 110
Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate,
Sullen and silent and disconsolate.

1. According to classical mythology the golden age was the period during which Saturn reigned as supreme god. Virgil in his fourth Eclogue gives a vivid description of these happy times.

2. Enceladus, one of the Titans or fabulous giants, was placed by Jove under Mount Etna. The eruption of the volcano was supposed to be due to the giant's uneasy motions.

Dressed in the motley garb that Jesters wear,
With looks bewildered and a vacant stare,
Close shaven above the ears, as monks are shorn, 115
By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to scorn,
His only friend the ape, his only food
What others left, — he still was unsubdued.
And when the Angel met him on his way,
And half in earnest, half in jest, would say, 120
Sternly, though tenderly, that he might feel
The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel,
"Art thou the King?" the passion¹ of his woe
Burst from him in resistless overflow,
And, lifting high his forehead, he would fling 125
The haughty answer back, "I am, I am the King!"

Almost three years were ended; when there came
Ambassadors of great repute and name
From Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane 130
By letter summoned them forthwith to come
On Holy Thursday² to his city of Rome.
The Angel with great joy received his guests,
And gave them presents of embroidered vests,
And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined, 135
And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.
Then he departed with them o'er the sea
Into the lovely land of Italy,
Whose loveliness was more resplendent made
By the mere passing of that cavalcade, 140
With plumes, and cloaks, and housings, and the stir
Of jewelled bridle and of golden spur.

1. Suffering.

2. The Thursday before Good Friday appears to be meant here.

And lo ! among the menials, in mock state,
Upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait,
His cloak of fox-tails flapping in the wind, 145
The solemn ape demurely perched behind,
King Robert rode, making huge merriment
In all the country towns through which they went.

The Pope received them with great pomp, and blare
Of bannered trumpets, on Saint Peter's square, 150
Giving his benediction and embrace,
Fervent, and full of apostolic grace.

While with congratulations and with prayers
He entertained the Angel unawares,
Robert, the Jester, bursting through the crowd, 155
Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud,
" I am the King ! Look, and behold in me
Robert, your brother, King of Sicily !

This man, who wears my semblance to your eyes,
Is an impostor in a king's disguise. 160

Do you not know me ? does no voice within
Answer my cry, and say we are akin ? "

The Pope in silence, but with troubled mien,
Gazed at the Angel's countenance serene ;
The Emperor, laughing, said, " It is strange sport 165
To keep a madman for thy Fool at court ! "

And the poor, baffled Jester in disgrace
Was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the Holy Week went by
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky ; 170
The presence of the Angel, with its light,
Before the sun rose, made the city bright,
And with new fervour filled the hearts of men,
Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again.

Even the Jester, on his bed of straw, 175
With haggard eyes the unwonted splendour saw,
He felt within a power unfelt before,
And, kneeling humbly on his chamber floor,
He heard the rushing garments of the Lord
Sweep through the silent air, ascending heavenward. 180

And now the visit ending, and once more
Valmond returning to the Danube's shore,
Homeward the Angel journeyed, and again
The land was made resplendent with his train,
Flashing along the towns of Italy 185
Unto Salerno, and from thence by sea.
And when once more within Palermo's wall,
And, seated on the throne in his great hall,
He heard the Angelus¹ from convent towers,
As if the better world conversed with ours, 190
He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher,
And with a gesture bade the rest retire ;
And when they were alone, the Angel said,
" Art thou the King ? " Then bowing down his head,
King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast, 195
And meekly answered him : " Thou knowest best !
My sins as scarlet are ; let me go hence,
And in some cloister's school of penitence,
Across those stones, that pave the way to heaven,
Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul is shriven ! " 200
The Angel smiled, and from his radiant face
A holy light illumined all the place,

1. A bell rung morning, noon and night to remind people of the service beginning "The angel of the Lord announced to Mary (Angelus Domini nuntiavit Mariæ)."

And through the open window, loud and clear,
 They heard the monks chant in the chapel near,
 Above the stir and tumult of the street : 205
 " He has put down the mighty from their seat,
 And has exalted them of low degree ! "
 And through the chant a second melody
 Rose like the throbbing of a single string :
 " I am an Angel, and thou art the King ! " 210

King Robert, who was standing near the throne,
 Lifted his eyes, and lo ! he was alone !
 But all apparelled as in days of old,
 With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold ;
 And when his courtiers came, they found him there 215
 Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer.

TO THE DANDELION

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
 Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,

First pledge of blithesome May,
 Which children pluck, and, full of pride, uphold,
 High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they 5
 An Eldorado¹ in the grass have found,

Which not the rich earth's ample round
 May match in wealth—thou art more dear to me
 Than all the prouder summer-blooms may be.

1. A land rich in gold.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow 10
Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,
Nor wrinkled the lean brow
Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease ;
'Tis the spring's largess, which she scatters now
To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand, 15
Though most hearts never understand
To take it at God's value, but pass by
The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

Thou art my tropics and mine Italy ;
To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime ; 20
The eyes thou givest me
Are in the heart, and heed not space or time :
Not in mid June the golden-cuirassed bee
Feels a more summer-like warm ravishment
In the white lily's breezy tent, 25
His fragrant Sybaris,¹ than I, when first
From the dark green thy yellow circles burst.

Then think I of deep shadows on the grass —
Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,
Where, as the breezes pass, 30
The gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways
Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,
Or whiten in the wind — of waters blue
That from the distance sparkle through
Some woodland gap and of a sky above, 35
Where one white cloud like a stray lamb doth
move.

1. A Greek city of Southern Italy, noted for its luxury.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with
 thee ;
 The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,
 Who, from the dark old tree
 Beside the door, sang clearly all day long 40
 And I, secure in childish piety,
 Listened as if I heard an angel sing
 With news from heaven, which he could bring
 Fresh every day to my untainted ears,
 When birds and flowers and I were happy peers. 45

How like a prodigal doth Nature seem,
 When thou, for all thy gold, so common art !
 Thou teachest me to deem
 More sacredly of every human heart,
 Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam 50
 Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret show,
 Did we but pay the love we owe,
 And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
 On all these living pages of God's book.

FIDELITY ¹

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

A barking sound the shepherd hears,
 A cry as of a dog or fox ;
 He halts and searches with his eyes
 . Among the scatter'd rocks :
 And now at distance can discern
 A stirring in a brake of fern ;
 And instantly a dog is seen
 Glancing through that covert green. 5

1. Compare Sir Walter Scott's version of this incident in his poem entitled *Hellvellyn*.

The dog is not of mountain breed ;
Its motions, too, are wild and shy ; 10
With something, as the shepherd thinks,
Unusual in its cry :
Nor is there any one in sight
All round, in hollow or on height ;
Nor shout, nor whistle strikes his ear 15
What is the creature doing here ?

It was a cove, a huge recess,
That keeps till June December's snow ;
A lofty precipice in front,
A silent tarn below ; 20
Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,
Remote from public road or dwelling,
Pathway, or cultivated land ;
From trace of human foot or hand.

There sometimes doth a leaping fish 25
Send through the tarn¹ a lonely cheer ;
The crags repeat the raven's croak,
In symphony austere ;
Thither the rainbow comes — the cloud —
And mists that spread the flying shroud ; 30
And sunbeams : and the sounding blast,
That, if it could, would hurry past,
But that enormous barrier binds it fast.

Not free from boding thoughts, a while
The shepherd stood ; then makes his way 35
Towards the dog, o'er rocks and stones,
As quickly as he may ;

1. "Tarn" is a small lake.

Nor far had gone before he found
A human skeleton on the ground ;
The appall'd discoverer with a sigh
Looks round, to learn the history. 40

From those abrupt and perilous rocks
The man had fallen, that place of fear !
At length upon the shepherd's mind
It breaks, and all is clear : 45
He instantly recall'd the name,
And who he was and whence he came ;
Remember'd, too, the very day
On which the traveller pass'd this way.

But hear a wonder, for whose sake 50
This lamentable tale I tell !
A lasting monument of words
This wonder merits well.
The dog, which still was hovering nigh,
Repeating the same timid cry, 55
This dog had been through three months' space
A dweller in that savage place.

Yes, proof was plain that since the day
When this ill-fated traveller died
The dog had watch'd about the spot, 60
Or by his master's side :
How nourish'd here through such long time
He knows, who gave that love sublime,
And gave that strength of feeling, great
Above all human estimate. 65

ROSABELLE¹

SIR WALTER SCOTT

O, listen, listen, ladies gay !
 No haughty feat of arms I tell ;
 Soft is the note, and sad the lay,
 That mourns the lovely Rosabelle:

" Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew ! 5
 And, gentle ladye, deign to stay !
 Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,²
 Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

" The blackening wave is edged with white:
 To inch and rock the sea-mews fly ; 10
 The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite,
 Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

" Last night the gifted Seer did view
 A wet shroud swathed round ladye gay ;
 Then stay thee, fair, in Ravensheuch : 15
 Why cross the gloomy firth to-day ? "

" 'Tis not because Lord Lindesay's heir
 To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
 But that my ladye-mother there
 Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

1. This ballad is from *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Canto VI. and is sung by a bard of the St. Clair family.

2. A large and strong castle on the shore of Firth of Forth, between Kirkaldy and Drysart. "It was long a principal residence of the Barons of Roslin (St. Clairs)."

" 'Tis not because the ring they ride,
And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
But that my sire the wine will chide,
If 'tis not filled by Rosabelle."

O'er Roslin all that dreary night
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam ;
'Twas broader than the watch-fire light,
And redder than the bright moonbeam.

25

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen ;
'Twas seen from Dreyden's groves of oak,
And seen from caverned Hawthornden.

30

Seemed all on fire that chapel proud
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffin'd lie,
Each baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

35

Seemed all on fire within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pale ;
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
And glimmered all the dead men's mail.

40

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair —
So still they blaze when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high Saint Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chapelle ;
Each one the holy vault doth hold —
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle !

45

TO A FIELD MOUSE

61

And each Saint Clair was buried there,
With candle, with book, and with knell ; 50
But the sea-caves rung and the wild winds sung,
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

TO A FIELD MOUSE

ROBERT BURNS

Wee, sleekit,¹ cow'rin', tim'rous beastie,
Oh, what a panic's in thy breastie !
Thou needna start awa' sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle !²
I wad be laith to rin and chase thee, 5
Wi' murd'ring pattle !³

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
And justifies that ill opinion,
Which makes thee startle 10
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
And fellow-mortal !

I doubtna, whyles, but thou may thiefe ;
What then ? poor beastie, thou maun live !
A daimen icker⁴ in a thrave⁵ 15
'S a sma' request :
I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave,
And never miss 't !

1. Sleek. 2. Hurrying scamper. 3. The stick with which the ploughman clears away the earth from his plough. 4. An occasional ear of corn (wheat). 5. Two shocks of corn—twenty-four sheaves.

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin !
 Its silly wa's¹ the win's are strewin'!
 And naething now to big a new ane
 O' foggage² green,
 And bleak December's winds ensuin',
 Baith snell³ and keen !

20

Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste,
 And weary winter comin' fast,
 And cozie here, beneath the blast,
 Thou thought to dwell,
 Till, crash ! the cruel coulter passed
 Out through thy cell.

25

30

That wee bit heap o' leaves and stibble
 Has cost thee monie a weary nibble !
 Now thou's turn'd out for a' thy trouble,
 But⁴ house or hauld,⁵
 To thole⁶ the winter's sleety dribble,
 And cranreuch cauld!⁷

35

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,⁸
 In proving foresight may be vain :
 The best-laid schemes o' mice and men
 Gang aft a-gley,⁹
 And lea'e us nought but grief and pain,
 For promised joy.

40

1. Wall. 2. Moss. 3. Sharp (Ger. schnell). 4. The old meaning of but. 5. Hold, stronghold. 6. Endure. 7. Hoarfrost. 8. Not alone. 9. Wrong, take a wrong turn.

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me!¹
 The present only toucheth thee :
 But, och ! I backward cast my e'e
 On prospects drear !
 And forward, though I canna see,
 I guess and fear.

THE SKELETON IN ARMOUR²

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

" Speak ! speak ! thou fearful guest !
 Who, with thy hollow breast
 Still in rude armour drest,
 Comest to daunt me !
 Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
 But with thy fleshless palms
 Stretched, as if asking alms,
 Why dost thou haunt me ? "

1. "The fortunes of the poet were now, to all appearances, at the lowest possible ebb. Economical destitution in the present, regretful memories of the past, and uncertain prospects for the future combined to fling him into a purgatory which seemed much nearer to a madhouse than to any possible heaven that might shoot a gleam into its gloom." *Life of Burns*, by BLACKIE.

2. A year or two before this poem was composed, a skeleton clad in broken and corroded armour, had been dug up at Fall River. Longfellow fancied this to be the remains of a Norse giant. It is known that in the tenth century Norsemen sailed down the east coast of North America, perhaps as far as Massachusetts.

Then, from those cavernous eyes
 Pale flashes seemed to rise, 10
 As when the Northern skies
 Gleam in December ;
 And like the water's flow
 Under December's snow,
 Came a dull voice of woe 15
 From the heart's chamber.

" I was a Viking old !
 My deeds, though manifold,
 No Skald¹ in song has told,
 No Saga² taught thee ! 20
 Take heed, that in thy verse
 Thou dost the tale rehearse.
 Else dread a dead man's curse!
 For this I sought thee.

" Far in the Northern Land, 25
 By the wild Baltic's strand,
 I, with my childish hand,
 Tamed the ger-falcon ;
 And, with my skates fast-bound,
 Skimmed the half-frozen Sound, 30
 That the poor whimpering hound
 Trembled to walk on.

" Oft to his frozen lair
 Tracked I the grisly bear,
 While from my path the hare 35
 Fled like a shadow ;

1. Minstrel.

2. Norse poem.

Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf's¹ bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.

40

" But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led ;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

45

" Many a wassail-bout
Wore the long winter out ;
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk's² tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
Filled to o'erflowing.

55

" Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
Burning, yet tender ;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendour.

60

1. Literally, a man-wolf, a fabulous creature, man by day and wolf by night.

2. A Norse champion or hero.

" I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade
Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frightened.

" Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chanting his glory ;
When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrel stand
To hear my story.

" While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed,
And as the wind-gusts waft
The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
Blew the foam lightly.

" She was a Prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,
I was discarded !
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew's flight,
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded ?

65 " Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me,—
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen !— 100
When on the white-sea strand,
70 Waving his armed hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen

" Then launched they to the blast 105
Bent like a reed each mast,
75 Yet we were gaining fast,
When the wind failed us ;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,¹ 110
80 So that our foe we saw
Laugh as he hailed us.

" And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
Death ! was the helmsman's hail, 115
85 Death without quarter !
Mid-ships with iron-keel
Struck we her ribs of steel ;
Down her black hulk did reel
Through the black water ! 120

90 " As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden :

95 1. A cape.

So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
Bore I the maiden.

" Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
Stretching to leeward
There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower¹
Which, to this very hour,
Stands looking seaward.

" There lived we many years ;
Time dried the maiden's tears ;
She had forgot her fears,
She was a mother ;
Death closed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies ;
Ne'er shall the sun arise
On such another !

" Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen !
Hateful to me were men,
The sunlight hateful !
In that vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
O, death was grateful !

1. An old stone tower at Newport was claimed by some antiquarians to be old northern architecture, not later than the twelfth century.

TRUE GREATNESS

69

125 " Thus, seamed with many scars,
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars

155

My soul ascended !
There from the flowing bowl
130 Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skoal ! to the Northland ! skoal ! " 1

—Thus the tale ended.

160

TRUE GREATNESS

LADY ELIZABETH CAREW

140 The fairest action of our human life
Is scorning to revenge an injury :
For who forgives without a further strife
His adversary's heart to him doth tie :
145 And 'tis a firmer conquest truly said
To win the heart, than overthrow the head.

If we a worthy enemy do find,
To yield to worth, it must be nobly done :—
150 But if of baser metal be his mind,

In base revenge there is no honour won.
Who would a worthy courage overthrow ?
And who would wrestle with a worthless foe ?

10

I. The customary salutation in Scandinavia when drinking a health.

We say our hearts are great, and cannot yield
Because they cannot yield, it proves them poor
Great hearts are task'd beyond their power but
seld :

The weakest lion will the loudest roar.
Truth's school for certain does this same allow,
High-heartedness doth sometimes teach to bo

CHRISTMAS IN THE OLDEN TIME

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Heap on more wood ! — the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.
Each age has deemed the new-born year
The fittest time for festal cheer :
Even, heathen yet, the savage Dane
At Iol¹ more deep the mead did drain,
High on the beach his galleys drew,
And feasted all his pirate crew ;
Then in his low and pine-built hall,
Where shields and axes decked the wall,
They gorged upon the half-dressed steer,
Caroused in seas of sable beer,
While round in brutal jest were thrown
The half-gnawed rib and marrow-bone,
Or listened all in grim delight
While Scalds yelled out the joys of fight.

1. Yule.

Then forth, in frenzy, would they hie,
While wildly-loose their red locks fly,
And dancing round the blazing pile, 20
They make such barbarous mirth the while,
As best might to the mind recall
The boisterous joys of Odin's hall.¹

And well our Christian sires of old
Loved when the year its course had rolled, 25
And brought blithe Christmas back again
With all his hospitable train.
Domestic and religious rite
Gave honour to the holy night ;
On Christmas eve the bells were rung, 30
On Christmas eve the mass was sung :
That only night in all the year
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
The damsel donned her kirtle sheen ;
The hall was dressed with holly green ; 35
Forth to the wood did merry-men go,
To gather in the misletoe.
Then opened wide the Baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all ;
Power laid his rod of rule aside, 40
And Ceremony doffed his pride.
The heir, with roses in his shoes,
That night might village partner choose ;
The lord, underogating, share
The vulgar game of " post and pair." 45

1. Odin's Hall—Valhalla, the heaven of the Danes. The heroes in that favoured abode spent their nights in eating and drinking, and their days in fighting.

2. A popular game of cards.

All hailed, with uncontrolled delight
And general voice, the happy night
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.

The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,
Went roaring up the chimney wide ;
The huge hall-table's oaken face,
Scrubbed till it shone, the day to grace,
Bore then upon its massive board
No mark to part the squire and lord.¹
Then was brought in the lusty brawn
By old blue-coated serving-man ;
Then the grim boar's head frowned on high,
Crested with bays and rosemary.
Well can the green-garbed ranger tell,
How, when, and where, the monster fell,
What dogs before his death he tore,
And all the baiting of the boar.
The wassail round, in good brown bowls
Garnished with ribbons, blithely trowls.²
There the huge sirloin reeked ; hard by
Plum-porridge stood and Christmas pie ;
Nor failed old Scotland to produce
At such high tide, her savoury goose.
Then came the merry maskers in,
And carols roared with blithesome din ;
If unmelodious was the song,
It was a hearty note, and strong.

1. In a feast the salt was customarily placed on the table at a point between the guests of high and the guests of low degree. Hence the expressions *above the salt* and *below the salt*.

2. Goes round, is passed round.

CHEVY CHASE

73

Who lists may in their mumming¹ see
 Traces of ancient mystery ; 75
 White shirts supplied the masquerade,
 And smutted cheeks the visors made ;
 But oh ! what maskers, richly dight,
 Can boast of bosoms half so light !
 England was merry England when 80
 Old Christmas brought his sports again.
 'T was Christmas broached the mightiest ale,
 'T was Christmas told the merriest tale ;
 A Christmas gambol oft could cheer 85
 The poor man's heart through half the year.

CHEVY CHASE

FROM PERCY'S "RELIQUES OF ANCIENT ENGLISH
 POETRY"

God prosper long our noble king,
 Our lives and safeties all ;
 A woeful hunting once there did
 In Chevy Chase befall.

To drive the deer with hound and horn 5
 Earl Percy took the way ;
 The child may rue that is unborn
 The hunting of that day.

1. "It seems certain that the Mummers of England who used to go about in disguise to the neighbouring houses . . . present, in some indistinct degree, a shadow of the old mysteries, which were the origin of the English drama." (Scott).

The stout earl of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer days to take—

The chiefest harts in Chevy Chase
To kill and bear away.
These tidings to Earl Douglas came
In Scotland where he lay .

Who sent Earl Percy present word
He would prevent his sport.
The English earl not fearing that,
Did to the woods resort.

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of need
To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhound swiftly ran
To chase the fallow deer ;
On Monday they began to hunt
Ere daylight did appear ;

And long before high noon they had
A hundred fat bucks slain ;
Then having dined, the drovers went
To rouse the deer again.

The bowmen mustered on the hills.
Well able to endure ;
Their backs all with special care
That day were guarded sure.

10 The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,
 The nimble deer to take,
 That with their cries the hills and dales
 An echo shrill did make. 40

 Lord Percy to the quarry' went
 To view the tender deer ;
15 Quoth he, " Earl Douglas promised once
 This day to meet me here.

 " But if I thought he would not come, 45
 No longer would I stay ; "
 With that a brave young gentleman
 Thus to the earl did say :

20 " Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas come,
 His men in armour bright ; 50
 Full twenty hundred Scottish spears
 All marching in our sight ;

 " All men of pleasant Teviotdale,
 Fast by the River Tweed." 55
25 " O cease your sports," Earl Percy said,
 " And take your bows with speed ;

 " And now with me, my countrymen,
 Your courage forth advance,
30 For there was never champion yet,
 In Scotland or in France, 60

 " That ever did on horseback come,
 And if my hap it were,
 I durst encounter man for man
 With him to break a spear." 65

35

1. Slaughtered game.

Earl Douglas on his milk-white steed,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of his company,
Whose armour shone like gold.

"Show me," said he, "whose men you be,
That hunt so boldly here,
That, without my consent, do chase
And kill my fallow deer."

The first man that did answer make,
Was noble Percy he,
Who said, "We list not to declare
Nor show whose men we be :

"Yet will we spend our dearest blood
Thy chiefest harts to slay."
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
And thus in rage did say :

"Ere thus I will out-bravèd be,
One of us two shall die ;
I know thee well, an earl thou art—
Lord Percy, so am I.

"But trust me, Percy, pity it were,
And great offence, to kill
Any of these our guiltless men,
For they have done none ill.

"Let thou and I the battle try,
And set our men aside."

"Accurst be he," Earl Percy said,
"By whom it is denied."

65 Then stept a gallant squire forth —
Witherington was his name —
Who said, "I would not have it told 95
To Henry, our king, for shame,

e, "That e'er my captain fought on foot,
70 And I stood looking on.
You be two earls," quoth Witherington,
"And I a squire alone ; 100

"I'll do the best that do I may,
While I have power to stand ;
75 While I have power to wield my sword,
I'll fight with heart and hand."

Our English archers bent their bows — 105
Their hearts were good and true ;
At the first flight of arrows sent,
80 Full fourscore Scots they slew.

To drive the deer with hound and horn,
Douglas bade on the bent,¹ 110
Two captains moved with mickle might,
Their spears to shivers went.

85 They closed full fast on every side
No slackness there was found,
But many a gallant gentleman 115
Lay gasping on the ground.

O Christ ! it was great grief to see
How each man chose his spear,
90 And how the blood out of their breasts
Did gush like water clear. 120

1. Abode on the field.

At last these two stout earls did meet
Like captains of great might ;
Like lions wode¹, they laid on lode²;
They made a cruel fight.

They fought until they both did sweat, 123
With swords of tempered steel,
Till blood down their cheeks like rain
They trickling down did feel.

"O yield thee, Percy !" Douglas said,
"And in faith I will thee bring 130
Where thou shalt high advancèd be
By James, our Scottish king.

"Thy ransom I will freely give,
And this report of thee,
Thou art the most courageous knight 135
That ever I did see."

"No, Douglas," quoth Earl Percy then,
"Thy proffer I do scorn ;
I will not yield to any Scot
That ever yet was born." 140

With that there came an arrow keen,
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Earl Douglas on the breast
A deep and deadly blow.

Who never said more words than these : 145
"Fight on, my merry men all !
For why, my life is at an end,
Lord Percy sees my fall."

1. Mad.

2. Fiercely.

Then leaving life, Earl Percy took
The dead man by the hand ; 150
Who said, " Earl Douglas, for thy life
Would I had lost my land !

125 " O Christ ! my very heart doth bleed
For sorrow for thy sake,
For sure a more redoubted knight 155
Mischance could never take."

130 A knight amongst the Scots there was
Which saw Earl Douglas die,
Who straight in heart did vow revenge
Upon the Lord Percy. 160

135 Sir Hugh Montgomery was he called,
Who, with a spear full bright,
Well mounted on a gallant speed,
Ran fiercely through the fight,

And past the English archers all, 165
Without all dread or fear,
140 And through Earl Percy's body then
He thrust his hateful spear.

With such a vehement force and might
His body he did gore, 170
The staff ran through the other side
145 A large cloth-yard, and more.

Thus did both those nobles die,
Whose courage none could stain ;
An English archer then perceived 175
The noble earl was slain.

He had a good bow in his hand
Made of a trusty tree ;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
To the hard head haled he.

Against Sir Hugh Montgomery
His shaft full right he set ;
The gray-goose-wing that was thereon
In his heart's blood was wet.

This fight from break of day did last
Till setting of the sun,
For when they rang the evening-bell
The battle scarce was done.

With stout Earl Percy there was slain
Sir John of Egerton,
Sir Robert Harcliff and Sir William,
Sir James, that bold baron.

And with Sir George and Sir James,
Both knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slain,
Whose prowess did surmount.

For Witherington needs must I wail
As one in doleful dumps.
For when his legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumps.

And with Earl Douglas there was slain
Sir Hugh Montgomery,
And Sir Charles Morrell, that from field
One foot would never flee ;

CHEVY CHASE

81

Sir Roger Heuer of Harcliff, too. 205

His sister's son was he

Sir David Lambwell, well esteemed,

But saved he could not be.

And the Lord Maxwell, in like case,

Vith Douglas he did die ; 210

Of twenty hundred Scottish spears,

Scarce fifty-five did fly.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen

Went home but fifty-three ;

The rest in Chevy Chase were slain, 215

Under the greenwood tree.

Next day did many widows come

The husbands to bewail ;

They washed their wounds in brinish tears,

But all would not prevail. 220

Their bodies bathed in purple blood,

They bore with them away ;

They kissed them dead a thousand times

Ere they were clad in clay.

The news was brought to Edinburgh, 225

Where Scotland's king did reign,

That brave Earl Douglas suddenly

Was with an arrow slain.

" O heavy news ! " King James gan say,

" Scotland may witness be 230

I have not any captain more

Of such account as he."

Like tidings to King Henry came
Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland
Was slain at Chevy Chase

"Now God be with him!" said our king,
"Since it will no better be
I trust I have within my realm
Five hundred as good as he.

"Yet shall not Scots nor Scotland say
But I will vengeance take,
And be revenged on them all
For brave Earl Percy's sake."

This vow the king did well perform
After on Humble-down;¹
In one day fifty knights were slain
With lords of great renown.

And of the rest, of small account,
Did many hundreds die:
Thus endeth the hunting in Chevy Chase
Made by the Earl Percy

God save our king, and bless this land
With plenty, joy, and peace,
And grant henceforth that foul debate
'Twixt noble men may cease!

1. Battle of Homildon, 1402.

IN NOVEMBER

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN

The hills and leafless forests slowly yield
 To the thick-driving snow. A little while
 And night shall darken down. In shouting file
 The woodmen's carts go by me homeward-wheeled,
 Past the thin fading stubbles, half concealed, 5
 Now golden-gray, sowed softly through with snow,
 Where the last ploughman follows still his row,
 Turning black furrows through the whitening field.
 Far off the village lamps begin to gleam,
 Fast drives the snow, and no man comes this way; 10
 The hills grow wintry white, and bleak winds
 moan
 About the naked uplands. I alone
 Am neither sad, nor shelterless, nor gray,
 Wrapped round with thought, content to watch and
 dream.

A CASE AT COURT

ALEXANDER POPE

Translated from Boileau

Once (says an author, where, I need not say)
 Two trav'lers found an oyster in their way;
 Both fierce, both hungry, the dispute grew strong;
 While scale in hand Dame Justice pass'd along.
 Before her each with clamour pleads the laws, 5
 Explain'd the matter, and would win the cause

Dame Justice weighing long the doubtful right,
Takes, opens, swallows it, before their sight.
The cause of strife removed so rarely well,
"There, take," (says Justice), "take ye each a *shell*.
We thrive at Westminster on fools like you :
'Twas a fat oyster - Live in peace -- Adieu."

KING COPHETUA AND THE BEGGAR MAID

FROM PERCY'S "RELIQUES OF ANCIENT
ENGLISH POETRY"

I read that once in Affrica
A princely wight did raine,
Who had to name Cophetua,
As poets they did faine.
From natures lawes he did decline,
For sure he was not of my minde,
He cared not for women-kind,
But did them all disdaine.
But marke what hapned on a day ;
As he out of his window lay,
He saw a beggar all in gray,
The which did cause his paine.

The blinded boy that shootes so trim
From heaven downe did hie,
He drew a dart and shot at him,
In place where he did lye :

ight.

hell, 10

MAID

Which soone did pierse him to the quicke,
And when he felt the arrow pricke,
Which in his tender heart did sticke,

He looketh as he would dye. 20

"What sudden chance is this," quoth he,
"That I to love must subject be,
Which never thereto would agree,
But still did it defie?"

Then from the window he did come, 25
And laid him on his bed ;

A thousand heapes of care did runne
Within his troubled head.

For now he meanes to crave her love,
And now he seekes which way to proove 30
How he his fancie might remoove,

And not this beggar wed.

But Cupid had him so in snare,
That this poor beggar must prepare
A salve to cure him of his care, 35

5

Or els he would be dead.

And as he musing thus did lye,

He thought for to devise

How he might have her companye.

That so did 'maze his eyes. 40

10

"In thee", quoth he, "doth rest my life ;

For surely thou shalt be my wife,

Or else this hand with bloody knife,

The Gods shall sure suffice."

Then from his bed he soon arose, 45

And to his pallace gate he goes ;

15

Full little then this beggar knowes

When she the king espies.

"The gods preserve your majesty,"

The beggars all gan cry ;

"Vouchsafe to give your charity,

Our childrens food to buy."

The king to them his purse did cast,

And they to part it made great haste ;

This silly¹ woman was the last

That after them did hye.

The king he cal'd her back againe,

And unto her he gave his chaine ;

And said, "With us you shal remaine

Till such time as we dye.

"For thou," quoth he, "shalt be my wife

And honoured for my queene ;

With thee I meane to lead my life,

As shortly shall be seene :

Our wedding shall appointed be,

And every thing in its degree ;

Come on," quoth he, "and follow me,

Thou shalt go shift thee cleane.²

What is thy name, faire maid ? " quoth he.

"Penelophon, O King," quoth she ;

With that she made a lowe courtsey ;

A trim one as I weene

Thus hand in hand along they walke

Unto the king's pallace :

The king with courteous, comly talke

This beggar doth embrace.

The beggar blusheth scarlet red,

And straight againe as pale as lead.

1. Simple

2. Dress in fresh clothes.

KING COPHETUA AND THE BEGGAR MAID 87

But not a word at all she said,

50 She was in such amaze.

80

At last she spake with trembling voyce,

And said, "O King, I doe rejoyce

That you wil take me for your choyce,

And my degree so base."

55

And when the wedding day was come,

85

The king commanded strait

The noblemen, both all and some,

Upon the queene to wait.

60

And she behaved herself that day

As if she had never walkt the way ;

90

She had forget her gowne of gray,

Which she did weare of late.

The proverbe old is come to passe,

65

The priest, when he begins his masse,

Forgets that ever clerke he was ;

95

He knowth not his estate.

Here you may read Cophetua,

70

Through long time fancie-fed,

Compelled by the blinded boy

The begger for to wed :

100

He that did lovers lookes disdaine.

To do the same was glad and faine.

75

Or else he would himselfe have slaine.

In storie, as we read.

Disdaine no whit, O lady deere,

105

But pittie now thy servant heere,

Least that it hap to thee this yeare,

As to that king it did.

And thus they led a quiet life
During their princely raine,
And in a tombe were buried both,
As writers sheweth plaine.
The lords they tooke it grievously,
The ladies tooke it heavily,
The commons cryed pitiously,
Their death to them was paine.
Their fame did sound so passingly,
That it did pierce the starry sky,
And throughout all the world did flye
To every princes realme.

THE BEGGAR MAID

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Her arms across her breast she laid,
She was more fair than words can say :
Bare-footed came the beggar maid
Before the king Cophetua.
In robe and crown the king stept down,
To meet and greet her on her way ;
" It is no wonder," said the lords,
" She is more beautiful than day."
As shines the moon in clouded skies,
She in her poor attire was seen :
One praised her ankles, one her eyes,
One her dark hair and lovesome mien.
So sweet a face, such angel grace,
In all that land had never been :
Cophetua sware a royal oath :
" This beggar maid shall be my queen ! "

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN

89

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Thou blossom bright with autumn dew,
And coloured with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night.

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late, and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged year is near his end.

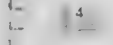
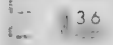
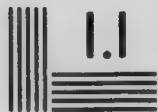
Then dost thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue — blue — as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

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CANADA

SKIPPER IRESON'S RIDE

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

[This story as told by Whittier was founded on a fragment of verse which he had heard in his schooldays ; but a more careful inquiry has shown that in reality the crew refused to succour the distressed vessel and then, to screen themselves, threw the blame on the skipper. "I supposed," Whittier wrote to Samuel Roads, Jr., the author of a *History of Marblehead*, "the story to which it referred dated back at least a century. I knew nothing of the participators, and the narrative of the ballad was pure fancy. I am glad for the sake of truth and justice that the real facts are given in thy book. I certainly would not knowingly do injustice to any one, dead or living."]

Of all the rides since the birth of time,
Told in story or sung in rhyme, —
On Apuleius's Golden Ass,¹
Or one-eyed Calender's horse of brass,²
Witch astride of a human hack, 5
Islam's prophet on Al-Borák,³—
The strangest ride that ever was sped
Was Ireson's, out from Marblehead !
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart 10
By the women of Marblehead !

1. Apuleius was a Roman writer of the second century. His chief work was *Metamorphoses, or the Golden Ass*, a satirical romance.

2. This story is to be found in *The Arabian Nights' Entertainment*.

3. Islam's prophet is Mohammed. Al Borák is the fabulous milk-white creature on which he is said to have made his journey to the celestial regions.

Body of turkey, head of owl,
 Wings a-droop like a rained-on fowl,
 Feathered and ruffled in every part,
 Skipper Ireson stood in the cart. 15
 Scores of women, old and young,
 Strong of muscle, and glib of tongue,
 Pushed and pulled up the rocky lane,
 Shouting and singing the shrill refrain :
 " Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt, 20
 Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
 By the women o' Morble'ead ! "

Wrinkled scolds with hands on hips,
 Girls in bloom of cheek and lips,
 Wild-eyed, free-limbed, such as chase 25
 Bacchus round some antique vase,
 Brief of skirt, with ankles bare,
 Loose of kerchief and loose of hair,
 With conch-shells blowing and fish-horns' twang,
 Over and over the Mænads¹ sang : 30
 " Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
 Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
 By the women o' Morble'ead ! "

Small pity for him ! — He sailed away
 From a leaking ship in Chaleur Bay. — 35
 Sailed away from a sinking wreck,
 With his own town's-people on her deck !
 " Lay by ! lay by ! " they called to him.
 Back he answered, " Sink or swim !
 Brag of your catch of fish again ! " 40
 And off he sailed through the fog and rain !
 Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
 Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
 By the women of Marblehead !

1. Frenzied female followers of Bacchus.

Fathoms deep in dark Chaleur 45
 That wreck shall lie forevermore.
 Mother and sister, wife and maid,
 Looked from the rocks of Marblehead
 Over the moaning and rainy sea —
 Looked for the coming that might not be ! 50
 What did the winds and the sea-birds say
 Of the cruel captain who sailed away ?
 Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
 Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
 By the women of Marblehead ! 55

Through the street, on either side,
 Up flew windows, doors swung wide ;
 Sharp-tongued spinsters, old wives gray,
 Treble lent the fish-horn's bray,
 Sea-worn grandsires, cripple-bound, 60
 Hulks of old sailors run aground,
 Shook head, and fist, and hat, and cane,
 And cracked with curses the hoarse refrain :
 " Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
 Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corrd in a corrt
 By the women o' Morble'ead ! " 65

Sweetly along the Salem road
 Bloom of orchard and lilac showed.
 Little the wicked skipper knew
 Of the fields so green and the sky so blue. 70
 Riding there in his sorry trim,
 Like an Indian idol glum and grim,
 Scarcely he seemed the sound to hear
 Of voices shouting, far and near :
 " Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt, 75
 Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corrd in a corrt
 By the women o' Morble'ead ! "

"Hear me, neighbours!" at last he cried,—
 "What to me is this noisy ride?
 What is the shame that clothes the skin 80
 To the nameless horror that lives within?
 Waking or sleeping, I see a wreck,
 And hear a cry from a reeling deck!
 Hate me and curse me—I only dread
 The hand of God and the face of the dead!" 85
 Said old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
 Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
 By the women of Marblehead!

Then the wife of the skipper lost at sea
 Said, "God has touched him! why should we!" 90
 Said an old wife mourning her only son,
 "Cut the rogue's tether and let him run!"
 So with soft relentings and rude excuse,
 Half scorn, half pity, they cut him loose,
 And gave him a cloak to hide him in, 95
 And left him alone with his shame and sin.
 Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
 Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
 By the women of Marblehead!

EVENING

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN

From upland slopes I see the cows file by,
 Lowing, great-chested, down the homeward trail,
 By dusking fields and meadows shining pale
 With moon-tipped dandelions. Flickering high,
 A peevish night-hawk in the western sky 5

Beats up into the lucent solitudes.
 Or drops with griding wing. The stilly woods
 Grow dark and deep and gloom mysteriously.
 Cool night winds creep, and whisper in mine ear,
 The homely cricket gossips at my feet. 10
 From far-off pools and wastes of reeds I hear.
 Clear and soft-piped, the chanting frogs break sweet
 In full Pandean¹ chorus. One by one
 Shine out the stars, and the great night comes on.

YUSSOUF

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

A stranger came one night to Yussouf's tent,
 Saying, "Behold one outcast and in dread,
 Against whose life the bow of power is bent,
 Who lies, and hath not where to lay his head ;
 I come to thee for shelter and for food, 5
 To Yussouf, called through all our tribes 'The
 Good.' "

"This tent is mine," said Yussouf, "but no more
 Than it is God's ; come in, and be at peace ;
 Freely shalt thou partake of all my store
 As I of His who buildeth over these 10
 Our tents his glorious roof of night and day,
 And at whose door none ever yet heard Nay."

1. A reference to the musical pipes of Pan, god of the shepherds. This suggests the music of nature.

So Yussouf entertained his guest that night,
 And, waking him ere day, said : " Here is gold ;
 My swiftest horse is saddled for thy flight ; 15
 Depart before the prying day grow bold."
 As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,
 So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.

That inward light the stranger's face made grand,
 Which shines from all self-conquest ; kneeling low, 20
 He bowed his forehead upon Yussouf's hand,
 Sobbing : " O Sheik, I cannot leave thee so ;
 I will repay thee ; all this thou hast done
 Unto that Ibrahim who slew thy son ! "

" Take thrice the gold," said Yussouf, " for with thee 25
 Into the desert, never to return.
 My one black thought shall ride away from me ;
 First-born, for whom by day and night I yearn,
 Balanced and just are all of God's decrees ;
 Thou art avenged, my first-born, sleep in peace ! " 30

THE BURIAL MARCH OF DUNDEE

WILLIAM EDMONSTOUNE AYTOUN

Sound the fife, and cry the slogan - let the pibroch
 shake the air
 With its wild triumphal music, worthy of the freight
 we bear.
 Let the ancient hills of Scotland hear once more the
 battle-song
 Swell within her glens and valleys as the clansmen
 march along !

Never from the field of combat, never from the deadly
fray,

Was a nobler trophy carried than we bring with us
to-day ;

Never, since the valiant Douglas on his dauntless
bosom bore

Good King Robert's heart the priceless to our
dear Redeemer's shore !

Lo ! we bring with us the hero lo ! we bring the
conquering Grame,

Crowned as best beseems a victor from the altar of
his fame ;

Fresh and bleeding from the battle whence his spirit
took its flight,

Midst the crashing charge of squadrons, and the
thunder of the fight !

Strike, I say, the notes of triumph, as we march o'er
moor and lea !

Is there any here will venture to bewail our dead
Dundee ?

Let the widows of the traitors weep until their eyes
are dim ! •

Wail ye may full well for Scotland let none dare
to mourn for him !

See ! above his glorious body lies the royal banner's
fold —

See ! his valiant blood is mingled with its crimson
and its gold.

See ! how calm he looks and stately, like a warrior
on his shield,

Waiting till the flush of morning breaks along the
battle-field !

See Oh never more, my comrades ! shall we see
 that falcon eye
 Redden with its inward lightning, as the hour of
 fight drew nigh ;
 Never shall we hear the voice that, clearer than the
 trumpet's call,
 Bade us strike for King and Country, bade us win
 the field or fall !

On the heights of Killiecrankie yester-morn our army
 lay : 25
 Slowly rose the mist in columns from the river's
 broken way ;
 Hoarsely roared the swollen torrent, and the Pass
 was wrapp'd in gloom,
 When the clansmen rose together from their lair
 amidst the broom.
 Then we belted on our tartans, and our bonnets
 down we drew.
 And we felt our broadswords' edges, and we proved
 them to be true : 30
 And we prayed the prayer of soldiers, and we cried
 the gathering-cry,
 And we clasped the hands of kinsmen, and we swore
 to do or die !
 Then our leader rode before us on his war-horse
 black as night
 Well the Cameronian¹ rebels knew that charger in
 the fight !

1. A sect of Presbyterians founded by Richard Cameron, which denied the king's ecclesiastical authority, and so opposed Charles II and James II.

And a cry of exultation from the bearded warriors
 rose ; 35
 For we loved the house of Claver'se, and we thought
 of good Montrose.
 But he raised his hand for silence " Soldier, ' I
 have sworn a vow :
 Ere the evening-star shall glisten on Schiehallion's¹
 lofty brow,
 Either we shall rest in triumph, or another of the
 Grames
 Shall have died in battle-harness for his Country
 and King James ! 40
 Think upon the Royal Martyr -- think of what his
 race endure
 Think on him whom butchers murdered on the field
 of Magus Muir²;
 By his sacred blood I charge ye, by the ruined hearth
 and shrine
 By the blighted hopes of Scotland, by your injuries
 and mine
 Strike this day as if the anvil lay beneath your blows
 the while, 45
 Be they covenanting traitors, or the brood of false
 Argyle !³
 Strike ! and drive the trembling rebels backwards
 o'er the stormy Forth ;
 Let them tell their pale Convention how they fared
 within the North.

1. A peak of the Grampian Mountains in Perthshire.

2. Archbishop Sharp was assassinated on Magus Muir by a party of fanatic covenanters (see opening chapters of *Old Mortality*).

3. The Duke of Argyle supported William III.

Let them tell that Highland honour is not to be bought
nor sold.

That we scorn their prince's anger, as we loathe his
foreign gold. 50

Strike ! and when the fight is over, if ye look in vain
for me,

Where the dead are lying thickest, search for him
that was Dundee ! "

Loudly then the hills re-echoed with our answer to
his call.

But a deeper echo sounded in the bosoms of us all.
For the lands of wide Breadalbane, not a man who
heard him speak 55

Would that day have left the battle Burning eye
and flushing cheek

Told the clansmen's fierce emotion, and they harder
drew their breath .

For their souls were strong within them, stronger
than the grasp of death.

Soon we heard a challenge-trumpet sounding in the
Pass below.

And the distant tramp of horses, and the voices of
the foe : 60

Down we crouched amid the bracken,¹ till the Low-
land ranks drew near,

Panting like the hounds in summer, when they scent
the stately deer.

From the dark defile emerging, next we saw the
squadrons come,

Leslie's foot and Leven's troopers marching to the
tuck of drum :

1. Fern.

Through the scattered wood of birches, o'er the
broken ground and heath, 65

Wound the long battalion slowly, till they reached
the plain beneath ;

Then we bounded from our covert.— Judge how
looked the Saxons¹ then.

When they saw the rugged mountain start to life
with armed men '—

Like a tempest down the ridges swept the hurricane
of steel,

Rose the slogan of Macdonald — flashed the broad-
sword of Lochiel ! 70

Vainly sped the withering volley 'mongst the fore-
most of our band —

On we poured until we met them, foot to foot, and
hand to hand.

Horse and man went down like driftwood when the
floods are black at Yule,

And their carcasses are whirling in the Garry's deepest
pool.

Horse and man went down before us — living foe
there tarried none 75

On the field of Killiecrankie, when that stubborn
fight was done !

And the evening star was shining on Schhallion's
distant head,

When we wiped our bloody broadswords, and returned
to count the dead.

There we found him, gashed and gory, stretch'd upon
the cumbered plain,

As he told us where to seek him, in the thickest of
the slain. 80

1. The lowlanders were so called by those of Celtic blood.

And a smile was on his visage, for within his dying ear
Pealed the joyful note of triumph, and the clansmen's
clamorous cheer :

So, amidst the battle's thunder, shot, and steel, and
scorching flame,

In the glory of his manhood passed the spirit of the
Græme !

Open wide the vaults of Atholl, where the bones of
heroes rest —

85

Open wide the hallowed portals to receive another
guest !

Last of Scots, and last of freemen — last of all that
dauntless race

Who would rather die unsullied than outlive the
land's disgrace !

O thou lion-hearted warrior ! reek not of the after
time :

Honour may be deemed dishonour, loyalty be called
a crime.

90

Sleep in peace with kindred ashes of the noble and
the true.

Hands that never failed their country, hearts that
never baseness knew.

Sleep ! — and till the latest trumpet wakes the dead
from earth and sea.

Scotland shall not boast a braver chieftain than our
own Dundee !

ODE TO THE NORTH-EAST WIND

CHARLES KINGSLEY

Welcome, wild North-easter !
Shame it is to see
Odes to every zephyr ;
Ne'er a verse to thee.
Welcome, black North-easter ! 5
O'er the German foam ;
O'er the Danish moorlands.
From thy frozen home.
Tired we are of summer.
Tired of gaudy glare, 10
Showers soft and steaming,
Hot and breathless air.
Tired of listless dreaming,
Through the lazy day :
Jovial wind of winter 15
Turns us out to play !
Sweep the golden reed-beds ;
Crisp the lazy dyke ;
Hunger into madness
Every plunging pike. 20
Fill the lake with wild-fowl ;
Fill the marsh with snipe ;
While on dreary moorlands
Lonely curlew pipe.
Through the black fir-forest 25
Thunder harsh and dry,
Shattering down the snow-flakes
Off the curdled sky.

Hark ! The brave North-easter !
Breast-high lies the scent, 30
On by holt and headland,
Over heath and bent.
Chime, ye dappled darlings,
Through the sleet and snow
Who can over-ride you ? 35
Let the horses go !
Chime, ye dappled darlings,
Down the roaring blast ;
You shall see a fox die
Ere an hour be past. 40
Go ! and rest to-morrow,
Hunting in your dreams,
While our skates are ringing
O'er the frozen streams.
Let the luscious South-wind 45
Breathe in lovers' sighs,
While the lazy gallants
Bask in ladies' eyes.
What does he but soften
Heart alike and pen ? 50
'Tis the hard grey weather
Breeds hard English men.
What's the soft South-wester ?
'Tis the ladies' breeze,
Bringing home their true-loves 55
Out of all the seas:
But the black North-easter,
Through the snowstorm hurled,
Drives our English hearts of oak
Seaward round the world. 60

Come, as came our fathers,
 Heralded by thee,
 Conquering from the eastward,
 Lords by land and sea.
 Come ; and strong within us
 Stir the Vikings' blood,
 Bracing brain and sinew ;
 Blow, thou wind of God !

65

MORTE D'ARTHUR

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

A number of Arthur's knights had turned traitor, and, led by Modred, had taken up arms against their king. Arthur marched against them, and at the extreme southwestern point of Britain, had defeated them in a great battle. All the rebel knights were killed, while of the king's army only Bedivere and Arthur remained. In single combat with Modred Arthur had been severely wounded. (*See The Passing of Arthur*).

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd
 Among the mountains by the winter sea ;
 Until King Arthur's table, man by man,
 Had fallen in Lyonesse¹ about their Lord,
 King Arthur : then, because his wound was deep,
 The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
 Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,
 And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,

1. A fabulous land stretching out into the ocean from the southwestern point of Cornwall,

"A land of old upheaven from the abyss
 By fire, to sink into the abyss again."

A broken chancel with a broken cross,
 That stood on a dark strait of barren land. 10
 On one side lay the Ocean, and on one
 Lay a great water,¹ and the moon was full.
 Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere :
 " The sequel of to-day unsolders all
 The goodliest fellowship of famous knights 15
 Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep
 They sleep -- the men I loved. I think that we
 Shall nevermore, at any future time,
 Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
 Walking about the gardens and the hall 20
 Of Camelot,² as in the days that were.
 I perish by this people which I made,
 Tho' Merlin³ sware that I should come again
 To rule once more -- but let what will be, be.
 I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm 25
 That without help I cannot last till morn.
 Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,
 Which was my pride : for thou rememberest how⁴
 In those old days, one summer noon, an arm
 Rose up from out the bosom of the lake, 30
 Clothed in white samite,⁵ mystic, wonderful,
 Holding the sword -- and how I row'd across
 And took it, and have worn it, like a king :
 And, wheresoever I am sung or told
 In aftertime, this also shall be known : 35
 But now delay not : take Excalibur,

1. Water originally meant lake. Compare Derwentwater.

2. The capital of Arthur's kingdom.

3. Merlin was a great magician; a friend of Arthur.

4. Compare the account in *The Coming of Arthur*.

5. A rich, silk stuff interwoven with threads of silver and gold.

And fling him far into the middle mere¹:
Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring me word."

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere :

" It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus, 40
Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the helm.

A little thing may harm a wounded man.

Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,

Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word."

So saying, from the ruin'd shrine he stept 45
And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,

Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,

Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang

Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He stepping down

By zig-zag paths, and juts of pointed rock, 50

Came on the shining levels of the lake.

There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,

And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,

Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth

And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt : 55

For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,

Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-work

Of subtlest jewelry. He gazed so long

That both his eyes were dazzled, as he stood,

This way and that dividing the swift mind,² 60

In act to throw : but at the last it seem'd

Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd

There in the many-knotted waterflags,

That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.

So strode he back slow to the wounded King. 65

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere :

" Hast thou perform'd my mission which I gave ?

What is it thou hast seen ? or what hast heard ? "

1. A Latin construction for the middle of the lake.

2. Perplexed, undecided.

Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,
Some one might show it at a joust of arms,
Saying, ' King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,
Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake.
Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps 105
Upon the hidden bases of the hills.'

So might some old man speak in the aftertime
To all the people, winning reverence.
But now much honour and much fame were lost."

So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,¹ 110
And hid Excalibur the second time.

And so strode back slow to the wounded king.

Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily :
" What is it thou hast seen ? or what hast heard ? "

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere : 115
" I heard the water lapping on the crag,
And the long ripple wa hing in the reeds."

To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath :
" Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,

Unknightly, traitor-hearted ! Woe is me ! 120

Authority forgets a dying king,

Laid widow'd of the power in his eye

That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou art,

For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,

In whom should meet the offices of all, 125

Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt ;

Either from lust of gold, or like a girl

Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.

Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,

And the third time may prosper, get thee hence : 130

But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,

I will arise and slay thee with my hands."

1. Thought.

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
Among the bulrush-beds, and clutch'd the sword, 135
And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great brand
Made lightnings in the splendour of the moon,
And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn.¹
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock 140
By night, with noises of the northern sea.
So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur :
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him 145
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.
And lightly went the other to the King.

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath :
" Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.
Speak out : what is it thou has heard, or seen? " 150

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :
" Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die.
Not tho' I live three lives of mortal men, 155
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.

Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him ;
But when I look'd again, behold an arm,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
That caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him 160
Three times, and drew him under in the mere."

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard :
" My end draws nigh ; 'tis time that I were gone.

1. The English expression for *Aurora Borealis*.

Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,
And bear me to the margin : yet I fear 165
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die."

So saying, from the pavement he half rose,
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
As in a picture. Him Sir Belwre 170
Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,

And would have spoken, but he found not words.
Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,
And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs. 175

But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard,
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the King,
Muttering and murmuring at his ear, "Quick, quick!
I fear it is too late, and I shall die." 180

But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walk'd,
Larger than human on the frozen hills. •
He heard the deep belch'd him, and a cry
Before. His own thought drove him, like a goad, 185
Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he baed
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels 190
And on a sudden, lo ! the level lake,

And the long glories of the winter moon.
Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them ; and descending they were ware 195
That all the decks were dense with stately forms

Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream — by these
Three Queens with crowns of gold — and from them
rose

A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice, an agony 200
Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the world.

Then murmur'd Arthur, "Place me in the barge,"
And to the barge they came. There those three
Queens 205

Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.
But she, that rose the tallest of them all
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his hands,
And call'd him by his name, complaining loud, 210
And dropping bitter tears against his brow
Striped with dark blood : for all his face was white
And colourless, and like the wither'd moon
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east ;
And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops 215
Of onset ; and the light and lustrous curls
That made his forehead like a rising sun
High from the dais-throne — were parch'd with dust ;
Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,
Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his lips, 220
So like a shatter'd column lay the King ;
Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,
From spur to plume a star of tournament,
Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings. 225

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere,
"Ah ! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go ?

Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes ?
 For now I see the true old times are dead,
 When every morning brought a noble chance, 230
 And every chance brought out a noble knight.
 Such times have been not since the light that led
 The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
 But now the whole ROUND TABLE is dissolved
 Which was an image of the mighty world, 235
 And I, the last, go forth companionless,
 And the days darken round me, and the years,
 Among new men, strange faces, other minds "
 And slowly answered Arthur from the barge :
 " The old order changeth, yielding place to new, 240
 And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
 Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
 Comfort thyself : what comfort is in me ?
 I have lived my life, and that which I have done 45
 May He within Himself make pure ! but tho
 If thou shouldst never see my face again,
 Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
 Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
 Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
 For what are men better than sheep or goats 250
 That nourish a blind life within the brain,
 If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
 Both for themselves and those who call them friend ?
 For so the whole round earth is every way
 Bound by gold chains about the feet of God. 255
 But now farewell. I am going a long way
 With these thou seest - if indeed I go
 (For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)
 To the island-valley of Avilion¹ ;

1. A fabulous island in the Atlantic. Compare the Islands of the Blest of classical mythology.

Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow, 260
 Nor ever wind blows loudly ; but it lies
 Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns
 And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
 Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail 265
 Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
 That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
 Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
 With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
 Revolving many memories, till the hull 270
 Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,
 And on the mere the wailing died away.

THE LADDER OF SAINT AUGUSTINE

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Saint Augustine ! well hast thou said,
 That of our vices we can frame
 A ladder, if we will but tread
 Beneath our feet each deed of shame !

All common things, each day's events, 5
 That with the hour begin and end,
 Our pleasures and our discontents,
 Are rounds by which we may ascend.¹

1. Compare what Tennyson says at the beginning of *In Memoriam* :

" I held it truth, with him who sings
 To one clear harp in divers tones,
 That men may rise on stepping-stones
 Of their dead selves to higher things."

The low desire, the base design,
That makes another's virtues less ; 10
The revel of the ruddy wine,
And all occasions of excess ;

The longing for ignoble things ;
The strife for triumph more than truth ,
The hardening of the heart, that brings 15
Irreverence for the dreams of youth ;

All thoughts of ill ; all evil deeds,
That have their root in thoughts of ill
Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of the nobler will ; — 20

All these must first be trampled down
Beneath our feet, if we would gain
In the bright fields of fair renown
The right of eminent domain.

We have not wings, we cannot soar ; 25
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone
That wedge-like cleave the desert airs, 30
When nearer seen, and better known,
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains, that uprear
Their solid bastions to the skies,
Are crossed by pathways, that appear 35
As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight.
But they, while their companions slept
Were toiling upward in the night.

40

Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern — unseen before —
A path to higher destinies,

Nor deem the irrevocable Past
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks, at last
To something nobler we attain.

45

WINTER-BREAK

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN

All day between high-curved clouds the sun
Shone down like summer on the steaming planks.
The long bright icicles in dwindling ranks
Dripped from the murmuring eaves till one by one
They fell. As if the spring had now begun, 5
The quilted snow, sun-softened to the core,
Loosened and shunted with a sudden roar
From downward roofs. Not even with day done
Had ceased the sound of waters, but all night
I heard it. In my dreams forgetfully bright 10
Methought I wandered in the April woods,
Where many a silver-piping sparrow was,
By gurgling brooks and sprouting solitudes,
And stooped, and laughed, and plucked hepaticas.

THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT

MICHAEL DRAYTON

Agincourt, Agincourt ! know ye not Agincourt ?

Where the English slew and hurt

All the French foemen.

With our guns and bills¹ brown,

O ! the French were beat down,

Morris-pikes and bowmen !

5

T. Heywood

* * * * *

Fair stood the wind for France

When we our sails advance,

Nor now to prove² our chance

Longer will tarry ;

But putting to the main,

At Kaux, the mouth of Seine,

With all his martial train,

Landed King Harry.

6

And taking many a fort,

Furnish'd in warlike sort,

Marcheth towards Agincourt

In happy hour ;

Skirmishing day by day

With those that stopp'd his way,

Where the French general lay

With all his power.

10

15

1. Pikes.

2. Try.

THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT

119

The Duke of York so dread,
The eager vaward led ;
With the main Henry sped,
Amongst his henchmen.

50

Exeter had the rear,
A braver man not there ;
Lord ! how hot they were
On the false Frenchmen !

55

They now to fight are gone :
Armour on armour shone,
Drum now to drum did groan ;
To hear was wonder ;
That with the cries they make
The very earth did shake ;
Trumpet to trumpet spake ;
Thunder to thunder.

60

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham,
Which did the signal aim
To our hid forces ;
When from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly,
The English archery
Stuck the French horses,

65

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stung,
Piercing the weather ;
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
Stuck close together.

70

75

80

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilbows ¹ drew,
And on the French they flew ;
Not one was tardy ;
Arms were from shoulders sent ;
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went ;
Our men were hardy.

85

This while our noble King,
His broadsword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding,²
As to o'erwhelm it ;
And many a deep wound lent
His arms with blood besprent ;³
And many a cruel dent
Bruised his helmet.

90

Gloucester, that duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood,
With his brave brother,
Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight
Scarce such another.

100

Warwick in blood did wade,
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made,
Still as they ran up ;

105

1. Swords.

2. Cut down violently.

3. Sprinkled.

OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW 121

Suffolk his axe did ply,
Beaumont and Willoughby 110
Bare them right doughtily¹—
Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's day²
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame³ did not delay 115
To England to carry.

O when shall Englishmen
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry ! 120

OF A' THE AIRTS⁴ THE WIND CAN BLAW

ROBERT BURNS

Written in honour of Mrs. Burns (Jean Armour), when the poet was preparing their future home, the farmhouse at Ellisland.

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives
The lassie I lo'e best :
There wild woods grow and rivers row,⁵ 5
And mony a hill between :
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

1. Bravely.
2. October 25.
3. Report.
4. Directions.
5. Roll.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
 I see her sweet and fair : 10
 I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
 I hear her charm the air :
 There's not a bonnie flower that springs
 By fountain, shaw,¹ or green,
 There's not a bonnie bird that sings 15
 But minds me o' my Jean.

EDWIN AND PAULINUS

*The Conversion of Northumbria*²

The black-hair'd gaunt Paulinus
 By ruddy Edwin stood : —
 " Bow down, O king of Deira,
 Before the blessed Rood ³ !
 Cast out thy heathen idols 5
 And worship Christ our Lord."
 But Edwin look'd and ponder'd,
 And answer'd not a word.

 Again the gaunt Paulinus
 To ruddy Edwin spake : 10
 " God offers life immortal
 For His dear Son's own sake !
 Wilt thou not hear his⁴ message,
 Who bears the keys and sword ? "
 — But Edwin look'd and ponder'd, 15
 And answer'd not a word.

1. Wood.

2. See Green's *Short History of the English People*, Chapter I., 33.

3. Crucifix.

4. The Roman Pontiff, who sent the mission to England.

Rose then a sage old warrior ;
Was five-score winters old ;
Whose beard from chin to girdle
Like one long snow-wreath roll'd :— 20

" At Yule-time in our chamber
We sit in warmth and light,
While cold and howling round us
Lies the black land of Night.

" Athwart the room a sparrow 25
Darts from the open door :
Within the happy hearth-light
One red flash, — and no more !
We see it come from darkness,
And into darkness go : — 30

So is our life, King Edwin !
Alas, that it is so !

" But if this pale Paulinus
Have somewhat more to tell ;
Some news of Whence and Whither. 35
And where the soul will dwell :
If on that outer darkness
The sun of Hope may shine ; —
He makes life worth the living !
I take his God for mine ! " 40

So spake the wise old warrior ;
And all about him cried
" Paulinus' God hath conquer'd !
And he shall be our guide : —
For He makes life worth living 45
Who brings this message plain,
When our brief days are over,
That we shall live again."

THE HOLLY-TREE

ROBERT SOUTHEY

O Reader ! hast thou ever stood to see

The Holly-tree ?

The eye that contemplates it well perceives

Its glossy leaves

Ordered by an Intelligence so wise

5

As might confound the Atheist's sophistries.

Below, a circling fence¹, its leaves are seen,

Wrinkled and keen ;

No grazing cattle through their prickly round

Can reach to wound ;

10

But as they grow where nothing is to fear,

Smooth and unarm'd the pointless leaves appear.

I love to view these things with curious eyes,

And moralise ;

And in this wisdom of the Holly-tree

15

Can emblem see

Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant rhyme,

One which may profit in the aftertime.

Thus, though abroad perchance I might appear

Harsh and austere,

20

To those who on my leisure would intrude

Reserved and rude,—

Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be,

Like the high leaves upon the Holly-tree.

1. A circling fence is in opposition to its leaves below.

KUBLA KHAN

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And should my youth—as youth is apt, I know— 25
Some harshness show,
All vain asperities I day by day
Would wear away,
Till the smooth temper of my age should be
Like the high leaves upon the Holly-tree. 30

And as, when all the summer trees are seen
So bright and green,
The Holly leaves a sober hue display
Less bright than they,
But when the bare and wintry woods we see, 35
What then so cheerful as the Holly-tree ?

So serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng,
So would I seem amid the young and gay
More grave than they, 40
That in my age as cheerful I might be
As the green winter of the Holly-tree.

KUBLA KHAN

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

In the summer of the year 1797, the Author, then in ill health, had retired to a lonely farm-house between Porlock and Linton, on the Exmoor confines of Somerset and Devonshire. In consequence of a slight indisposition, an anodyne had been prescribed, from the effect of which he fell asleep in his chair at the moment he was reading the following sentence, or words of the same substance, in *Purchas's Pilgrimage* :—"Here the Khan Kubla commended a palace to be built, and a stately garden thereunto : and thus ten miles of fertile ground were inclosed with a wall." The author continued for about three

hours in profound sleep, at least of the external senses, during which time he has the most vivid confidence that he could not have composed less than from two to three hundred lines ; if that indeed can be called composition in which all the images rose up before him as things, with a parallel production of the correspondence expressions, without any sensation or consciousness of effort. On awaking he appeared to himself to have a distinct recollection of the whole, and taking his pen, ink and paper, instantly and eagerly wrote down the lines that are here preserved. At this moment he was unfortunately called out by a person on business from Porlock, and detained by him above an hour, and on his return to his room, found, to his no small surprise and mortification, that though he still retained some vague and dim recollection of the general purport of the vision, yet, with the exception of some eight or ten scattered lines and images, all the rest had passed away like the images on the surface of a stream into which a stone had been cast, but, alas! without the after restoration of the latter.

Then all the charm
Is broken—all that phantom-world so fair
Vanishes, and a thousand circlets spread,
And each mis-shape the other. Stay awhile,
Poor youth ! who scarcely dar'st lift up thine eyes—
The stream will soon renew its smoothness, soon
The visions will return ! And lo ! he stays,
And soon the fragments dim of lovely forms
Come trembling back, unite, and now once more
The pool becomes a mirror.

Yet from the still surviving recollections in his mind, the Author has frequently purposed to finish for himself what had been originally, as it were, given to him.

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree,
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.

5

So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round ;
And here were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree ;

KUBLA KHAN

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And here were forests ancient as the hills, 10
 Enfolding sunny spots of greenery
 But oh ! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
 Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover :
 A savage place ! as holy and enchanted
 As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted 15
 By woman wailing for her demon lover !
 And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
 As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
 A mighty fountain momentarily was forced .
 Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst 20
 Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
 Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail :
 And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
 I flung up momentarily the sacred river.
 Five miles meandering with a mazy motion 25
 Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
 Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
 And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean :
 And 'mid the tumult Kubla heard from far
 Ancestral voices prophesying war ! 30

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
 Floated midway on the waves ;
 Where was heard the mingled measure
 From the fountain and the caves.
 It was a miracle of rare device, 35
 A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice !
 A damsel with a dulcimer
 In a vision once I saw ;
 It was an Abyssinian maid,
 And on her dulcimer she played,
 Singing of Mount Abora 40

Could I revive within me
 Her symphony and song,
 To such a deep delight 'twould win me
 That with music loud and long, 45
 I would build that dome in air—
 That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
 And all who heard should see them there,
 And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
 His flashing eyes, his floating hair! 50
 Weave a circle round him thrice,
 And close your eyes with holy dread,
 For he on honey-dew hath fed,
 And drunk the milk of Paradise.

WINTER UPLANDS

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN

The frost that stings like fire upon my cheek,
 The loneliness of this forsaken ground,
 The long white drift upon whose powdered peak
 I sit in the great silence as one bound;
 The rippled sheet of snow where the wind blew 5
 Across the open fields for miles ahead;
 The far-off city towered and roofed in blue
 A tender line upon the western red;
 The stars that singly, then in flocks appear,
 Like jets of silver from the violet dome, 10
 So wonderful, so many and so near,
 And then the golden moon to light me home—
 The crunching snowshoes and the stinging air,
 And silence, frost and beauty everywhere.

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